



Gc
929.2
G9429g
1638735

REYNOLDS HISTORICAL
GENEALOGY COLLECTION

ALLEN COUNTY PUBLIC LIBRARY



3 1833 01282 6894



LETTERS AND VERSES

OF

HENRY ELIOT GUILD

H. E. Guild

BOSTON
PRIVATELY PRINTED

1890

E-7. G94715

1638735

UNIVERSITY PRESS:
JOHN WILSON AND SON, CAMBRIDGE.

P R E F A C E.



THIS little volume, privately printed, requires perhaps a reason for its appearance. It might be asked why a life so simple as is here portrayed should have been deemed worthy of record. No marked events are described, nor do the letters possess any special literary merit. But HENRY ELIOT GUILD inspired such depth of affection that his friends have desired to know all that they can about him. To gratify them, the letters in this book have been selected and arranged to give a connected idea of his life.

The Verses will speak for themselves. Many of them are evidently a natural expression of the feelings of the passing hour; others, of the deeper experiences of life.

Two quotations from Ruskin are prefixed to his manuscript volume of Verses: —

“There are few men, ordinarily educated, who, in moments of strong feeling, could not strike out a poetic thought, and afterwards polish it so as to be presentable.

But men of sense know better than so to waste their time, and those who sincerely love poetry know the touch of the master's hand on the chords too well to fumble among them after him."

"All inferior poetry is an injury to the good, inasmuch as it takes away the freshness of rhymes, blunders upon and gives a wretched commonalty to good thoughts, and adds to the weight of human weariness in a most woful and culpable manner."

It was characteristic of the writer of the Verses to choose these words to remind him constantly of what is worthy and best in poetry. In all things, and in the conduct of life especially, he kept a high standard in view, and did his best to attain it.

M. L. G.

BOSTON, May, 1890.



LETTERS AND VERSES
OF
HENRY ELIOT GUILD.

CHAPTER I.

BOYHOOD AND YOUTH.—SENIOR YEAR AT HARVARD COLLEGE.—VISIT AT MOUNT DESERT.—FIRST YEAR AT HARVARD LAW SCHOOL.—1859 TO 1882.

HENRY ELIOT GUILD was the son of Charles Eliot Guild and Mary Lyman Eliot, daughter of Samuel A. Eliot. His grandparents and great-grandparents lived in Boston. The families were of New England birth, and they can be traced back to England and Scotland, whence they emigrated in the seventeenth century.

Harry was born, July 19, 1859, at Forest Hills, a suburb of Boston which, though only five miles from the city proper, then retained its rural character. It was a part of the old town of Roxbury, which also included Jamaica Plain.

The place where the family lived for over thirty years has an attractive southern aspect. The house overlooks partly wooded rolling country as far as the

Blue Hill, a few miles distant. Behind it rise tall white pines on the edge of a broad stretch of woodland, unusual in the near neighborhood of a large city.

Nothing could be more simple and uneventful than Harry's boyhood, and yet it was full of all that makes the greatest happiness of early life. He was the second in a family of five children; four years younger than Robert,—a boy of very active temperament, a lover of birds and animals, and of out-door sports. This was fortunate for Harry, as his own nature was a more quiet one; led on by Robert he became skilful in manly exercises. He early showed a fondness for books. Miss Edgeworth and Walter Scott naturally succeeded children's stories, fairy tales, and Robinson Crusoe. He became so absorbed in a book that a carriage driving by the window where he sat, or a person entering the room, did not distract his attention; not a muscle moved. Fond as he was of fiction, his studies were never neglected.

At Mrs. Walker's school in Jamaica Plain he was well fitted for the Roxbury Latin School, where he went when twelve years old, graduating in 1876, just before he was seventeen.

Harry had great respect for Mr. Collar, the headmaster. "I try my best," he once said while studying Cicero, "to make a perfect translation; but no matter how well I think I succeed, Mr. Collar takes up the same passage and gives such a beautiful rendering of it that my work is nowhere." He en-

joyed the English courses at both schools very much, especially declamation. Macaulay's Lays, Browning's "Ride from Ghent to Aix," Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade," and many another martial ode, brought the light into his eyes and a clear ringing tone into his voice. This interest was the youthful sign of a genuine love of poetry.

It was the custom of the family to recite hymns and verses on Sundays, sitting by the fireside in the twilight, or on the piazza in the summer evenings. As Robert and Harry grew older they made their own selections from Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth, and our own poets. One of Harry's favorite sonnets was Blanco White's "Mysterious Night."

He went regularly to Sunday-school and really studied his lessons for it, and he shared the family interest in the services of the Unitarian church at Jamaica Plain.

The summer vacations of the boys were pleasantly varied by visits to their aunts and cousins at the sea-shore, and by yachting. Their uncle, President Eliot, often invited a nephew to join his sons on his sloop. As he was his own skipper, and expected every one on board to take a share in the work, the training was excellent for the young people, as well as admirable for their health.

Harry had many advantages socially, through his large family connection, chiefly in Boston and Cambridge, and from the pleasant neighborhood in which he lived. His earliest playmate and friend was Harry

Minot, whose father and uncle lived on a beautiful estate near his own home. Their houses were always hospitably open, and the young people of the three families were frequently together. Harry formed friendships as easily with girls as with boys. Many of his schoolmates and early companions lived in Jamaica Plain, while friends at Brush Hill (Milton), Brookline, and Chestnut Hill were within easy driving distance. His happily balanced nature, responsive to healthy stimulus, made him a charming member of his own household, and won for him a welcome wherever he went.

In 1876, the year that his brother Robert was graduated, Harry entered Harvard College, clear of conditions, and at once became interested in its studies and social life.

Harry kept a journal during 1879-80, and at intervals in the years 1881 to 1883. Extracts from it will be given to show what was most interesting to him at a time when he wrote but few letters.

EXTRACTS FROM JOURNAL.

HOLLIS 32. *Sept. 24, 1879.* Here I am back again in this dear old room, the day before the beginning of the term. In the evening Opdycke came in to consult me about my seat at Memorial Hall. We shall have Fred Allen, Howard Townsend, Sam Gilbert, Welling and Opdycke, Tebbets, Harry Jackson, Joe Quincy, Dodd, and Church, — a very pleasant table.

It seems already as if we had been here a long time, and recitations are beginning this week in earnest. It is hard to realize that we are Seniors, though, to be sure, the absence of '79 men is in a way rather pleasant. This year I am going to work hard.

October 27. Played in the tennis tournament set, but there does not seem much chance of my playing the other sets, and I shall take up my bicycle again.

I am going to Riddle now, as I have fifteen minutes each week in elocution. I enjoy very much getting up in Appleton Chapel and shouting at the top of my lungs. In fact I like all my studies, though sometimes I am a little weary towards the end of a long hour of note taking, of which I am doing a great deal. I enjoy Professors Norton and Dunbar, and feel that I am getting much good from my History courses. Last year's course of Fine Arts I continue as an extra. I went to town to see the Ruskin drawings, which were interesting.

November 13. Sam Gilbert spent Sunday with me at home. Saturday afternoon we played tennis. Sunday afternoon we took a drive round Blue Hill, on the way passing Papa and Rob on two new saddle horses. In the evening we had hymns, and music from Eleanor and Rob. If he goes out West in December, which he is now seriously thinking of doing, we shall miss this very much, as well as miss the boy himself. I think, though, that he is very well fitted to the farming life of Southern California.

Last night were the Senior Class elections; R. Bacon, First Marshal; Ware and Trimble, Second; Allen, Townsend, and Roosevelt on Class Day Committee.

December 2. Last evening I went to a party at Mrs. Ware's, in Boston, the first one of the season, and really Eleanor's and my first party. Almost all the girls I knew were there. I was surprised, on the whole, to find I knew so many people. Now comes a round of gayeties, but I do not mean to go to more than two parties a week.

December 14. L. E. Opdycke is spending Sunday. Rob is not well.

December 30. Aunt Anna had a family concert. Poor Rob, who was to have sung, has been ill for nearly three weeks with a fever, which seems like a slow fever, but which the doctor calls typhoid. He has been slowly improving, but is held back by a slight cough due to an irritation of the right lung.

January 20. The Whist Club (Opdycke, Welling, Gilbert, and I) were to have the second meeting in my room. As I was sitting there about eight o'clock, waiting for them, in rushed Richardson just from the *Φ. B. K.* elections and congratulated me. I just got in on my rank; one fifth of the Class taken in, and then three of the other men from the rest of the first fifty. Those were Howard Townsend, Opdycke, and Gilbert. What a howl we had when they all arrived! We had a very jolly evening.

January 27. I have just got my card from Dr. Sargent, containing the order of exercises I am to

take. I went over them with him and took a run. This is really the first time I have used the apparatus in the new Hemenway Gymnasium, although I have been about twice a week to fence since Christmas.

January 29. Yesterday went home and stayed with Rob, who was having an uncomfortable day. He is no better.

February 18. On reaching my room in Cambridge after an afternoon of calls and walking in Boston, I found a notice saying that there was a telegram waiting for me at the office. I determined to go home, as I could just catch the 11.15 train. In the cars I met Mrs. Olney, who told me she had seen Robert in the afternoon on his first appearance down stairs; so that eased my mind about him. Every one at home had retired, and I roused papa by throwing pebbles at his window. The next morning I was able to help mamma a good deal in packing Rob's trunk, for she is going with him to Aiken, S. C., to see if the milder climate will not restore his right lung, which has remained stationary for some time, although he has been very gradually gaining in general strength till now the doctor thinks he can stand the journey.

February 19. I went to see Rob off from the New York and New England Railroad at six o'clock; but as there were several other people there, I only said a few words and then came away with his friend, Bert Maynard.

April 19. To-day I handed in my Political Economy thesis, and this evening have finished my Com-

mencement part, for which I took finally the same subject, and found it difficult to condense it. Thursday comes History, so that my hands are full this week, beside Hasty Pudding Club rehearsals and possibly rowing. There are now nine men rowing for the 'Varsity, and two of them are doubtful men. If Hooper does not get on, he will row on our class crew, which would probably bounce both T. M. and me.

May 1. H. P. C. Theatricals. Senior Farewells. Given with great success.

May 13. Have just been examined by Dr. Sargent, and have gained five pounds in weight since January 22d (now one hundred and fifty pounds). Gain in strength from three hundred and thirty-seven pounds to four hundred and ninety-four pounds. But though this gain is good, and pretty even all over, and my left arm has increased to nearly the size of my right, Dr. Sargent says I am not as strong as I ought to be.

May 29. Papa has gone to Baltimore, as the doctors say the long continued heat makes it safer for Rob to come home.

June 2. Last day of recitations at Cambridge, and I am very glad to get through.

June 7. I got a letter from mamma to-day saying that she could give me no encouragement about Rob; that the doctor thought there was very little hope of any rally. Poor Rob! all his Southern tour seems to have been of no avail. He kept up his resolution and spirits until he got home, and it is

very fortunate that papa went to meet them, and that they got home when they did.

I have not put down in this journal how much I have thought about Rob, especially on Sundays, talking it over with papa, and writing to him and to mamma.

Sunday I spent in Cambridge studying. Monday I did better than I had hoped on Torrey's European History, and in the afternoon I came home.

June 8. Rob had a restless night, and is gradually failing. This morning I went to Cambridge to get some books, so that I can study at home until Saturday, when I have an examination in History of the United States.

June 9. Eleanor called me at six o'clock. . . . We watched the end draw near. . . . Everything was perfectly calm and peaceful.

June 11. Thus, the last time Rob recognized me was with his smile of welcome on Monday, the 7th, and Wednesday morning it was all over. How short a time! Just a week since, he got home from the South, and I received him at Mattapan. His decline has been extraordinarily rapid, dating from the third week of May at Kittrell. His journeys, and the detention between Aiken and Kittrell, may have had something to do with it. But in all probability he never could have recovered, and I think he would himself have preferred to die thus, rather than to have lingered on a year or two. . . .

June 12. I went to Cambridge to pass my third examination, and got through very well, I think, on

History 8. S. C. G. was the only fellow I saw, and he came to my room just before the examination. I am studying at home now for my next examination on Political Economy, on which I have much work, as it covers the whole year.

June 25. This is my Class Day, and here I am at home writing about it! As I go back and think over Class Days, I remember how kind and attentive Rob was on his, the first one I ever went to, in my Sub-Freshman year, when, after my last day at school, I hurried home to drive mamma and Eleanor over. . . . Poor Rob! if he had lived, I think he would at least have enjoyed hearing about my Class Day.

June 26. I have been reading this morning some of the notes and letters written to papa and mamma, and the Class Resolutions. Rob won and kept very strong friends both at College and after he graduated, and he had a remarkable number among people older than his own set.

June 28. Went to Cambridge in the morning, and put my name down for the Law School.

July 1. Went to Cambridge for the $\Phi. B. K.$, and rather enjoyed the sensation of being privileged to the same enjoyments as all the old men who come to it, and of having the power to vote on the honorary elections.

July 17. Saturday morning I went to Nahant by the early boat, and, meeting Flora Grant and Miss Rose Lee on the wharf, they drove me up to the house, and we played four-handed tennis with Pat.

Stayed at Aunt Guild's until July 21st. Whist, tennis, music, and many pleasant talks.

July 25. At home. Am riding in the saddle every day. We have been rearranging all the books in the house, and next week I mean to catalogue them.

What different sets of girls I do know! beginning with the Jamaica Plain girls, who once were the whole of my little world; then the dancing-class set, who seem young in comparison with the young ladies I have seen at Nahant, F. G. and her friends.

FROM LETTERS TO HIS FAMILY.

SCHOONER HEAD, MT. DESERT,
Aug. 15, 1880.

DEAR ELEANOR, — After I had written my letter yesterday, John Tebbets and I drove to the Harbor through a succession of little showers, and we got to the wharf just in time to meet the "Mt. Desert," on which came young Weston Stickney to stay with Mrs. Hale's two boys. Misses Whitney and Lane came there to see the Professor off, and I had a little talk with them. By the same boat came a large party to stay at Mr. Francis's house. You see that, with Mr. Sayles and Tap Francis, Judge Brigham and his two sons, besides the members of Mrs. Hale's household, we have quite a number of men and boys here.

Yesterday afternoon the weather, overcast in the morning, cleared up and we had five sets of tennis,

all of which John and I won against Cliff Brigham and Tap Francis. It was the first tennis I have played here, and I enjoyed it very much. This (Sunday) morning a party of us walked to Great Head and sat upon the top of the cliff, admiring the view, the sea, the beautiful clouds, and the air, for the day is superb, — a clear and bracing Mount Desert day.

KIMBALL'S, NORTHEAST HARBOR,
Aug. 26, 1880.

The trip from Bar Harbor was delightful; the "Mt. Desert" running very close under the cliffs, and even inside several reefs. A party of eight came with us, and went up the sound to Somesville. Uncle Frank, Aunt Kate, Mrs. Perkins, and I went to the camp in the afternoon, which resulted in our taking a delightful sail on Tuesday. We went to the Little Cranberry Island and picnicked under the trees on a point with a beautiful view of the whole island of Mount Desert and its deep-cut mountain range. Then the fog came drifting in around the ends of the island, and suddenly shut out the view, while, if we looked upward, we saw the sun shining through the flying scud. Gradually the fog lifted and left the tops of the mountains bare, though still clinging to their bases, and the effect was most grand, enhancing their height and doubling their picturesqueness.

NORTHEAST HARBOR, Aug. 28, 1880.

DEAR PAPA, . . . As to the trip to Grand Manan, I think on the whole I would rather come home, as it

seems a long time since I have seen you all, and I don't think I could stand another two or three weeks. I have decided to go back to Schooner Head to-morrow, and to return by the "Cambridge" to Boston.

Thursday afternoon Mr. Perkins and I rowed across the harbor and made the ascent of a hill opposite, on the top of which is a signal pole of the U. S. Coast Survey. We easily surmounted the lower end of a long ridge, and then pursued our way upward along its backbone, through dense underbrush in places and over very bad footing. Mr. Perkins is really wonderful in his energy and activity, and held out well with various pauses to pick berries, for we found within twenty feet of each other fine blueberries, raspberries, blackberries, and huckleberries. However, at last we were rewarded with *victoire et gloire*, and a beautiful view of the Sound and the Cranberry Islands. Our descent was much easier, as we struck down at the steepest point, and presently came upon a cart track and old wood road.

Sunday A. M. On the Mount Desert steamer. The day is overcast, but warm, and the surf is very fine along shore. Long rollers breaking into white war-horses against the rocks, and the mountains dark and varied with shadows, make a beautiful picture.

EXTRACTS FROM JOURNAL.

September 3. I have just been looking over my rank list, which came while I was away, and I am much pleased to find my name on it in every one

of my studies. This I succeeded in doing for two years, Sophomore and Senior. In four weeks the Law School will begin, and I shall go to it with a willing mind and heart, all the more so after this delightful and invigorating stay at Mount Desert. Whatever I may do, and whatever may happen to me, I shall try to keep in mind *Patientia et Prudentia*, which is, Perseverance and Patience, Prudence and Foresight; and still more the motto, God helps those who help themselves.

September, 1881. It is now a year since I have kept a journal, and I feel again in the mood for taking it up. Last year I did more serious steady work than ever before, and my weeks at Cambridge were longer and with much fewer varieties and outside distractions. And I think the result of it all showed in the annual examinations, which after a fashion I enjoyed working for, as it brought the whole subject before me and more nearly within my grasp.

Real Property with Prof. John Gray I especially enjoyed, and obtained more or less familiarity with, greatly because I wrote up a summary of most of it in order to give a lecture thereon to the Ames Pleading Club. And Prof. Langdell's theories on Contracts became much more intelligible and attractive when studied with persistence. But alas! I feel as though now, after two short months, I had lost very much of what was so readily on my tongue in June. What do I know now of Illegal and Impossible Conditions of Limitations, or of Dependent and Independent Covenants? I only hope that they are in

my mind in a quasi dormant state, and that the brushing up of a few days will bring them back with renewed force, vigor, and vividness.

About the 1st of August, I received a notice (in answer to a "request") signed by C. C. Langdell, to the effect that I "had passed satisfactory examinations in all the subjects of the first year."

I began this summer with good intentions of reading all of Kent's Commentaries, and then Mr. O. W. Holmes, Jr.'s new book called "The Common Law," but so far I have only finished the first volume of Kent, and perhaps it is just as well to let Law alone this summer; at any rate, mamma thinks so.

As I said before, I was able to give more time to Law through the winter, because I did not go into company at all, for of course all our family were very quiet. I have missed Robert a great deal, — perhaps not so much every day as those who have lived at home, but in matters which I have had to decide for myself where his advice used to be of so much use to me, — and it is an ever increasing loss, since he would have become more and more a friend as well as a brother, as our interests became more similar with my graduation from College, and a larger experience with society brought us more on a level.

Nothing, then, of peculiar interest happened to me throughout the winter outside of the regular routine of Law School work, and cases in the Ames Pleading Club till the middle of March, when Howard Townsend asked S. C. Gilbert (my chum), L. E. Opdycke, R. W. G. Welling, and myself to come and stay with

him for a few days at Albany. So on a Saturday, March 19, 1881, we started, and had a delightful stay of five days, during which we played tennis almost every morning at the tennis court, and had dinners in the evening. One evening I had a most delightful dinner with B. and L. V. R. We surveyed the Capitol with care and interest, and also had an entertaining time in a visit to the old manor-house of the Van Rensselaer family. The whole trip was a great success. We got back to Cambridge in time to argue an appeal case before the Supreme Court, A. P. C., March 25th.

As the spring advanced, I became acquainted with some of the Cambridge young ladies, and I found it lent an interest to staid old Cambridge to know some of its fair inhabitants, and was decidedly well pleased to have the opportunity.

In May came the interest in the Greek Play by the Harvard men. It was for a time very absorbing with Opdycke as the "leading lady," Jocasta. The picturesque costumes, the beautiful music, and the really excellent acting combined to produce a most striking effect.

Also in May I sold my bicycle, having owned it for nearly two years. I never acquired any great proficiency in riding it, and fifteen miles was quite as long a run as I ever cared to take. To play tennis was always a greater pleasure to me than to spin on the wheel.

In July I went to Nahant for a few days, and in August I made a second visit, which was even more delightful than the first.

TO S. C. GILBERT.

BOURNE ST., FOREST HILLS, Sept. 3, 1881.

DEAR SAM,—While you have been enjoying the rough life of a mining camp in Colorado, which you so eloquently describe, I have been living in an atmosphere which is about as near the opposite extreme as it could possibly be; to wit, in the “swirl” and gentle tumult of the fashionable world at Newport. I stayed at Aunt Anna Ticknor’s for a week, and got home on Wednesday to find your delightful letter awaiting me here. That short week was crowded with lawn parties and tea parties, dinners (I dined once with H. T.), polo, hops, and among other things a grand “Dansante Musicale” in the morning at the Casino, at which there was almost no dancing at all. The Casino is a fascinating place, admirably arranged, and beautiful architecturally, where Newport people meet informally in the morning, and watch the festive game of tennis, played (sometimes) by the champions of the continent.

I made many new acquaintances, among them some very attractive girls, and I found the life very pleasant for a week, although I think it would be tiresome in the extreme for the whole summer, there is so much to do all the time, and so many people who are doing it. Besides that, I should not care to *live* there unless I could be a regular swell, and drive a dog-cart, etc. And then you inevitably get in with a lot of people who talk nothing but rubbish about the last polo game and the next hop. Howard

Townsend and his family all seemed well, and I had a very pleasant dinner there indeed. Dick Welling came down for the last few days that I was there, and we got in some tennis. I looked on with him, too, at the opening day of the Lawn Tennis Tournament of the United States, in which now R. D. Sears seems to stand a good show of winning the single, and perhaps Gray and Shaw of Boston the doubles, so that Boston shows up pretty well, I think.

I hope that your horseback trip will prove a success, and that Leadville will come up to your expectations. I am very glad to hear how much better your brother is, and wish you would remember me to him.

Ever yours,

HARRY.

EXTRACTS FROM JOURNAL.

September 17, 1881. L. E. O. spent Sunday with us, and Monday morning early we left home for Burlington, Vermont. The sail across the lake to Port Kent was very lovely, the sun setting like a golden ball behind the Adirondack ranges.

After a short stage ride, we reached the Lakeview House at the Ausable Chasm, where we spent the night. Tuesday went through the Chasm, formed by the Ausable River, a small body of water flowing between high precipitous walls; then came the boat slide, where a dozen people got into a substantial boat and were paddled and glided down more or less of an inclined watery plane. The effect of the

hill of water was much increased by the stratification of the rock, which sloped the other way.

Then we went by train from Port Kent to Ticonderoga, and to Baldwin's, where we took the steamer down Lake George, passing the night at Fort William Henry. Thence via Glen's Falls and Albany to West Point. L. E. O. wrote to General Howard, introducing himself as the son of General Opdycke of Ohio Volunteers. In a very few minutes, General Howard himself appeared, was very pleasant, and told us what to do the next day. Early on Thursday we went to see guard mounting by the cadets. Then General Howard took us to two recitation rooms, where we heard the Senior Class in Civil Engineering, and the class just entered, being examined by Colonel Bass. We were rather surprised at the vigor with which he treated the poor youths, really frightening all they knew out of their heads.

We walked to the Cemetery, returning by Flirtation Walk, after seeing some drill by a platoon of cadets. I enjoyed the afternoon sail through the Highlands and past the Palisades extremely. We found General and Mrs. Opdycke at the "Wyoming"; dined and went to Daly's to see a comedy farce, called "Quits." Then began a very active life in New York, notwithstanding the hot weather. L. E. O. was very anxious to show me the city thoroughly, and of course I wanted to see it. Saw the city by day, and went to theatres every evening. On Sunday Op and I went to Rockaway Beach, — on Monday drove to King's

Bridge and High Bridge, — home through the Park. This was the day of President Garfield's funeral (September 26), and all stores were closed. The Park was so crowded with people as to show its utter inadequacy. In the evening dined at Delmonico's, — L. E. O. and friends. Our lunches with Mrs. Opdycke were quite the most pleasant part of the day.

One afternoon we went over Harpers' establishment. I was rather surprised to see how much of the work is still done by hand, especially in binding. In the evening, after the theatre, we took the L. road to Post Office Square and the Sun office, and saw the whole process of printing the paper, from the composing through the stereotyping, etc. to the folding. It was very entertaining and instructive. Got to bed at half-past three.

On the 28th, lunched at Delmonico's with Opdycke and Pellew, said good bye to Mrs. Opdycke, and went home by the Fall River boat with O. and P. So ended a very pleasant visit. I have not mentioned seeing many things, — the Post Office, Tiffany's, Museum of Fine Arts, churches, and cathedral.

September 29. Very pleasant to meet all the fellows at Cambridge, and to find that our seats in the L. S. Reading Room had already been secured by S. C. G. Help Sam arrange the room, and take him home for the night.

October 8. Went to New Bedford to bid the Rotches good bye, as they go abroad for six months or a year. Met at Providence station on my return

by Sam. It was his twenty-fourth birthday and we went together to Mieüsset's, where we had a delightful dinner in one of the little rooms upstairs. Then to the Boston Theatre and home for the night. Rose Dexter also spent Sunday with Eleanor. In the afternoon, we all drove to Blue Hill and walked up to the top. The view was superb, — a little hazy.

October 23. Howard Townsend came home for Sunday. Whist Saturday evening, and music. Sunday, church, and in the afternoon basked in the sun on the piazza, and drove to Brush Hill to call at Mrs. Whitney's.

October 25. First meeting of the Ames Pleading Club.

November 1. Dined at Mrs. Grant's, to meet Mrs. and Miss Terry. Very entertaining account of Italian manners, marriage customs, and society conversation. After dinner, delightful music from F. G. and Miss Terry.

November 3. Sam and I bought tickets for Miss Ward in "Forget Me Not," and as it was papa's birthday, we drove over to Forest Hills late in the afternoon, and dined at home, where we found Aunts E. and H. We had a jolly dinner, though we had to cut it short to drive our slow old plug into town in time for the theatre, which we enjoyed much.

November 7. The first meeting of the Supreme Court of the A. P. C.

December 17. At seven o'clock, Opdycke and I repaired to Mieüsset Frères, where we had our first "Pool" dinner. The Pool consists of H. T., S. C. G.,

R. W. G. W., L. E. O., and myself; and the object of it is that whichever of us gets married first is to receive a superb present from the other four, and have them all come on to his wedding, wherever it may be. It resulted from conversation and bets as to who would be first married. The dinner was a very jolly one, lasting from a quarter past seven to eleven o'clock. When Op and I took the train for home, H. T. wrote us each verses on our dinner cards:

"A fond-of-his-work young man,
A never-say-shirk young man,
A love-lorn poetical
Law theoretical
Crack-in-his-knees young man."

On Friday of Christmas week, Taussig, who did not go home to St. Louis for his vacation, came and spent two or three days with me.

January 10, 1882. German at Miss Appleton's. Spent that night and the next at Aunt Guild's.

January 11. — The second Enigmatical German was a brilliant party. I wished that S. C. G. could have been there, as it would have given him a pleasant impression of Boston society. But he has not returned from Milwaukee since Christmas, being kept there by anxiety for his mother, who seems far from strong. Of course I miss him much.

January 17. Opdycke and I went into town together, and joined Dick Welling in the court-room of the Supreme Judicial Court of the Commonwealth at about 9.30, and heard Ropes and Gray for the

plaintiff, Williams, and Howe and Foster for the defendant, Boston Water Power Company, argue a case as to right to light, air, and access over the triangular piece of land in front of Trinity Church and the Art Museum. It was all very interesting, especially as we had looked up the briefs.

January 18. — On Wednesday evening I went to a reception at Mrs. Lodge's and had a delightful time. On Friday walked in with Taussig and Welling to the Rehearsal, and enjoyed it much.

January 20. — It may seem from the preceding gayety that I am neglecting my law work, but, as it happens, this has been a particularly leisurely time. On Monday Thayer cut both Evidence lectures, and on Tuesday Gray cut Property, on account of his case. Moreover I have had no club work.

January 25. — It was very pleasant to get S. C. G. back again and in good spirits. His mother is better. Of course he found a good deal of back work, and he applied himself diligently to it.

March 1. — Wednesday evening came the last concert in Sanders Theatre, and a most delightful one it was. Taussig and I as usual went together.

April 9. — On Easter Sunday we had a very good sermon from Mr. Dole on Immortality. It was Eleanor's last Sunday at home, and much we all grieved at the thought thereof. In the afternoon I drove Katie to Hillside, and the aunts and I talked over plans for meeting in Switzerland, as though I were really going to Europe beyond a doubt.

April 15. — And now came the day for saying

good-by to Eleanor for her six months' absence abroad (possibly for me only three months, *sed quære*). I know how much and how continually I shall miss her at home, as of course will all the rest of the family.

TO HIS SISTER.

June 22, 1882.

DEAR ELEANOR,—I fear that I have been very remiss of late in not writing to you, and that I owe you still for at least one delightful letter, which I can assure you I was, as always, glad to get. But you must remember that I have been through the thick of examinations and so forgive me. To-day I feel inexpressibly relieved at the thought that they are all over for another year, and that I may at last with freedom turn my thoughts to Europe and "sweet dreams of thee."

You will get this note not very many days before I appear *in propria persona*, for to-morrow evening I take my flight for New York by the Shore Line train at half-past ten o'clock.

I have many messages to deliver to you from many friends of yours and mine, but they must be content to wait till I can see you. So this time I shall say, not good-by, but *au revoir*.

Your affectionate brother,

HARRY.



Henry Eliot Guild.

CHAPTER II.

THREE MONTHS IN EUROPE. — JUNE 22 TO SEPT. 29, 1882.

TO S. C. GILBERT.

ZERMATT, SWITZERLAND, 19 July, 1882.

DEAR SAM, — I have just been playing tennis, beating an elderly Englishman. It reminds me of you to take up the old game again, and I only wish you were here to beat me.

The twelve days that I have been on this side of the water seem as long to look back upon as so many months, they have been so full of interest and novelty.

The steamer reached Antwerp on Friday, the 7th of July, and I stayed there (owing to missing a letter at the Poste Restante) till Monday afternoon. I got a good idea of the old mediæval city with its curious customs and antiquated houses, and enjoyed very much the Cathedral (where I heard High Mass with a full orchestra and boy choir) and the superb pictures of Rubens both there and in the Museum.

Then on Monday I went on to Brussels where the old Hôtel de Ville is most interesting and beautiful with its rich carving and old frescos. When I

reached Cologne, I was very glad that I had seen the Cathedrals of Antwerp and Brussels first, for the Cologne Cathedral certainly dwarfs everything else by contrast. Its completed beauty and majesty are perfectly stupendous (there is no other word for it), and yet it is so perfectly graceful that its mass does not overpower one.

The next day on the Rhine was rather showery, but still very delightful, and as we passed one ruined castle after another, and the Königsstuhl and the Lorelei, it was impossible even for the most hard-headed American on board not to feel the richness of the mighty river, not only in beauty, but in historical and legendary associations. There are so many of the vineyards, too, that it is not difficult to believe that all the world may be supplied with pure Rhine wine. How little have I thought, when I have looked at the picture of Heidelberg and its Schloss in 10 Grays, that I should so soon behold the original, and yet it is less than a week ago that I woke up one beautiful morning in the Darmstädter Hof, and drove out to the Castle and up to the Molkencur to get that lovely view out through the Neckar valley into the broad plain of the Rhine. Then to go all over the Castle, on to the towers, and down into the vaults to see the Great Tun, to drive back through the town, past some of the University buildings, and out on to the old bridge to get a final view of the Castle, and finally to read Longfellow's *Hyperion* with its very poetic description, was all most interesting.

At Lucerne I joined my sister and aunts, who had been expecting me for some time, and enjoyed a peaceful day in that picturesque old town very much. The panoramic view of the mountains, with the beautiful lake in the foreground, from the little hills above the town (Musegg and Little Rigi), I am almost inclined to think I enjoy more than the closer and sterner views of the mountains that we have had since. Of course I went to see the Lion, and thought it very impressive and wonderfully well situated. Europeans certainly understand how to make the most of their incidents and opportunities in a way that we have not at all grasped in America. We started off last Saturday from Lucerne (a party of four) and took the steamer down the lake to Flüelen, a most lovely sail; thence taking a carriage we drove up the valley of the Reuss on the St. Gotthard road as far as Andermatt, passing the opening of the long tunnel at Göschenen and the Teufelsbrücke just before reaching Andermatt. The next day we drove again through Hospenthal, up over the Furca Pass, and down to the Rhone Glacier, where we spent the night. Eleanor and I took a short stroll over the Glacier, and found it very slippery and quite exciting work to descend. On our drive from the Rhone Glacier to Visp the day was cloudy, so that we did not see the Weisshorn and other snow peaks which should have been visible. Still we have been very fortunate in our weather, which has been beautiful ever since I left Heidelberg, especially considering the previous six weeks of rain with which all Europe had been favored. Yesterday's

ride from Visp here was for four hours of the time on horseback, and the rest in a very hard carriage, which proved to be tiresome. Still it was not half so bad as it has been painted, and I varied it by walking now and then. This afternoon we are going up the Riffelberg to spend the night at the hotel there and get the superb view of the Matterhorn, Monte Rosa, and the glaciers which surround it. I have had a letter from Opdycke, and he and Dick seem to be enjoying themselves.

GENEVA, HÔTEL DE LA PAIX,
1 August, 1882.

DEAR SAM,—I found your very delightful letter of the 4th of July awaiting me here last night, on our arrival from Chamouny. Since I last wrote you from Zermatt, we have seen a great deal of the finest mountain scenery in Switzerland. From Zermatt we went up on to the Riffel, where we spent the night, and the next morning early Eleanor and I walked up the Gorner Grat, from which the panorama of snow-clad mountains all round the horizon, and mighty glaciers lying close at one's feet, is most wonderful and grand.

From Zermatt we went down the Rhone valley to Martigny, whence we made a day's excursion to Vevey on Lake Geneva, passing the picturesque old Castle of Chillon, and then took the Col de la Forclaz and the Tête Noire road to Chamouny.

It was too cloudy a day to make it worth while to attempt the pass of the Col de Balme, from which one

gets fine views of the Mont Blanc chain, nor did we see much of the mountains on the road that we took; but in our subsequent stay of six days in Chamouny, and in the excursions we made to the Brévent and the Pierre Pointue, we got some wonderfully beautiful views of Mont Blanc and its whole range, with its curious Aiguilles and huge masses of white, cool snow. I went up the Montanvert, too, and saw the Mer de Glace from there; it was a little disappointing in some respects after the glaciers I have already seen. It was not so intensely blue as the Rhone Glacier is, where it is broken by crevasses, nor so white as the enormous Gorner Glacier at Zermatt. Still the long level winding of the Mer de Glace with its innumerable crevasses is quite different from any of the other glaciers, and is undoubtedly very impressive.

On Thursday we mean to go on to Paris, and then to some quiet place on the coast of Normandy, where my Aunts and Eleanor will stay for five weeks or so. I shall be with them there about a week, and then go to London, where I hope to join Op and Dick in lodgings at 20 Half-Moon Street, on Saturday, August 12. We shall all be together there until about the 20th August, and it will be mighty pleasant. I have heard from Op and Dick two or three times, and they seem to have enjoyed a very successful tour through the English Cathedral towns. I hope to be with Op in Paris, too, from about the 1st to 15th September.

I got my first letters from home here, and was very glad to find that I had obtained a high enough average to entitle me to write a Commencement part and

to enter the third year as a candidate for an honor degree! I hope that you have had the same good luck.

I imagine you now disporting yourself at Mount Desert. I wish I might have you here instead among these Swiss mountains, or that you might make a fourth in our party in London. What fun it would be!!

Please remember me most kindly to your mother.

Ever your loving chum,

HARRY.

TO HIS FAMILY.

SUN INN, CANTERBURY, August 29.

I have just come in from the evening walk which I usually take on arriving at a new place like Canterbury. Of course the first thing is to see the Cathedral, and that I do while they are getting my dinner and it is still broad daylight. So after a solid supper this evening of cold beef and delicious new potatoes, I strolled out by the high walls and beautiful towers of the old St. Augustine Monastery, to St. Martin's Church, where the Christian religion was first adopted by an English King. It seemed almost to give a new meaning to the word Christian, about which Canon Liddon preached his eloquent sermon last Sunday, to see this old church, supposed to have been built by some Christians of the Roman army about 187 A. D. It was already twilight, and I could but dimly make out the form of the massive tower

and broad roof, as it stood shaded by trees in the midst of its churchyard.

Then I walked on a little higher up the hill behind the monastery and came to an open field in which cows were lying down and slowly moving about. A path led across the field, and I sat down upon the low bars of its stile and looked off to the west, where the lofty spire of the Cathedral stood out clear against a bright streak in the sunset sky, while the mass of the nave and the many little towers and peaks of the roof were more obscured below. Off to the right were bright lights in some of the houses of the town. The chimes of the Cathedral came to my ear distinctly, but gently mellowed by the distance. Every now and then a peasant would pass by, and the whole scene was almost a literal fulfilment of the opening lines of Gray's *Elegy*: —

“The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.”

It was truly idyllic, and I managed to extract some poetry even out of the puffing of a distant locomotive, hearing it just after the blast of a stage-coach horn,—the contrast of the old time and the new. . . .

This inn is very pleasant and antique in its appearance, with over-hanging upper stories on the outside, but it does not compare either in antiquity or picturesqueness with the Plough Inn at Oxford, which was indeed quite unique. At supper to-night

they gave me the whole rib of cold beef to help myself from, much as in London, at the sweller restaurants, they wheel round the roast beef or boiled mutton on a little table, and cut you off a slice under your very nose. Such restaurants however we did not frequent much, but went rather to small and out of the way pothouses and grill-rooms, such as I have already described, and there ate our "hot joint" or chop with its 'alf of stout very contentedly, — a most delightful *quasi* Bohemian existence.

August 30. I went again to the Cathedral and studied more carefully the exterior, going round behind the choir and "Becket's Crown" to the cloisters and the buildings of the King's School, near which is a beautiful old Norman staircase, before going into the interior. I stayed to morning service, which began at ten o'clock, and was much interested by it.

The ceremonial of the choir marching in with the boys robed in white, followed by the clerks and higher dignitaries with their black and red scarfs, is decidedly impressive.

The choir was a full one (of twenty-five), and I sat near them, so that I had an excellent opportunity to hear their singing under the most favorable circumstances. It was very beautiful, but there was much that grew monotonous with continual iteration. The whole service lasted nearly an hour, and I could not but wonder whether they could go through it all every morning without becoming rather callous to the meaning of the words; for example, the Lord's prayer was said or sung three times. Many of the

boys, however, were lovely and earnest-looking specimens of youthful humanity.

I was sorry not to have more time in this interesting city of Canterbury, but felt that I ought to get to Paris on Thursday in order to see Eleanor and my Aunts on Friday, and so pressed on to Amiens in accordance with my original plan.

On the Channel passage for the first time the idea occurred to me that there was no reason under the sun why I should not accompany Opdycke on his hurried trip into Italy, and accomplish my pet long-cherished scheme of seeing Venice, which I had quite reconciled myself to giving up. So long as I had any of my English journeying before me, it did not occur to me to change my mind, but when I had left the white cliffs of Dover behind me and began to look forward to joining Opdycke again in Paris, I saw it was still perfectly possible to go with him, and the idea once lodged would not be driven away.

Arrived at Amiens, I followed Opdycke's example and went to the Hôtel de France et d'Angleterre. I entered into conversation with my neighbor at the *table d'hôte*, who seemed a very pleasant unprejudiced Englishman (with both Scotch and Irish blood in his veins). After dinner we exchanged cards, and I lent him my English newspapers, which had exciting accounts of the cavalry charge at Kassassin, of special interest to him inasmuch as he is in the War Department and is a friend of Sir Garnet Wolseley. In return he lent me a guide-book about Amiens, much fuller than my Paris Baedeker.

Then I took a walk about the city, going to the Cathedral, and could not but be impressed with the contrast to Canterbury of the night before. Here of course the Cathedral has no green close about it, and in fact very little open ground, standing as it does in the midst of crowded houses, but it is very impressive from the massive height of the nave, though the spire (over the crossing), which in reality is taller than that of Salisbury Cathedral, makes very little impression and seems quite inadequate in proportion to the rest of the structure. Certain elements of the picturesque were not lacking here; as I looked up at the lofty *façade* with its deeply recessed portals, I could see beyond the Cathedral the light of the moon struggling to pierce the clouds, and casting its faint light at intervals on the mighty building.

In the morning I went on quite an expedition with my English friend, who is a gentleman of about forty-five. First we went to the Cathedral and saw it very thoroughly, going up to the triforium and the spire, from which there is a very good view over the surrounding country, which looks rather flat and monotonous. The interior of the Cathedral is very imposing, from the magnificent height of the nave. It was evidently built according to one plan, and the architecture is consequently consistent, very beautiful Gothic, of a period, I should think, corresponding to the Decorated in England. There are three beautiful rose-windows dating from the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, and there is much fine carving in the choir, stalls of dark wood, probably black

walnut. The wall of the choir too has some very interesting reliefs carved in wood, 1489-1530, very well preserved. . . .

August 31. — Arrived at 30 Rue Drouot, Paris, and went to see Eleanor at the Castiglione. On the way met Opdycke, which was mighty pleasant, and we had much to say to each other. We went together to see Eleanor and my Aunts, with whom was our cousin, Mrs. Cabot. All seemed well and bright, and our call was delightful. The next morning we all went to Chartres together (the first step on their Loiret journey), and we kept up a steady stream of conversation all the time. We had a jolly lunch, of which one course of mussels especially sticks in my memory; they gave us also some horrible mineral water, which tasted like a mixture of soap and tar.

Then we proceeded to the Cathedral, which was very interesting, and we stayed nearly two hours in and about it. The exterior is rather irregular, with two spires of different styles; but the portals, especially those of the transepts, are very fine. The interior was particularly rich in very old stained glass and the famous rose windows were fine; they are very different from the rose windows at Amiens, being much more filled up with flat tracery; in fact, the effect of the whole Cathedral is not so light and graceful as Amiens, which was really wonderful; but the impression of strength and solidity of construction is very striking. We sat and walked about for some little time while some priests were chanting Mass in the choir in very monotonous deep bass voices

accompanied by bass-voles; and Aunt Lizzie made a sketch of some black-robed nuns who were kneeling in one of the side chapels. Then Cousin Lizzie, Eleanor, Opdycke, and I ascended (without the assistance of a guide) into the clock tower (the more ornate of the two), the outer gallery, and under the roof, which is made of light iron vaulting, put in about 1830 to replace the old roof which was burnt, and very interesting as showing the capacities of modern iron-work.

At about four o'clock Opdycke and I said good-by, and came back to Paris to a light dinner at a "Bouillon" restaurant, and then went to the Théâtre Français, where we were lucky enough to see Delaunay. He is no longer one of the regular company, and very rarely appears.

The acting was throughout very delicate and excellent, and I enjoyed it much, being able to understand the plot very well towards the end, although the first act gave me but little encouragement as to my power of understanding rapidly spoken French.

September 4. — I at last decided to go to Italy with Opdycke, after much deliberation, careful counting of the cost, and an interview with my Aunts, who strongly favored the plan.

Of course it goes without saying that Opdycke has been strongly in favor of my going, has used many powerful arguments, and was most delighted when I finally decided favorably. The decision once made, of course I am overjoyed at the prospect, and feel that it will bring my summer to a most excel-

lently well-rounded termination. (I shall still have time to go to Ghent.)

My Cook's ticket (first class, price 267 fr.) takes me to Venice, Florence, and back to Paris by Genoa, the Riviera, Nice, and Marseilles; it was cheaper to come back in this roundabout way than to go straight to Venice and back, for a great reduction is made on the circular tickets. I do not dread the rapid travelling at all, for I have proved a most excellent traveller through the summer, and was not at all tired by my first week of a somewhat similar journey. We carry no luggage with us but our hand-bags, and are lightly clad, taking overcoats for precaution.

September 6.—The sun was rising as we approached Venice over the long bridge, and the first freshness of the morning was on the wonderful city—the goal of my European wishes—as we entered it. If we ourselves had been a little fresher, we might have appreciated it even more than we did, but, as it was, the motion of the gondola, swiftly propelled by its two gondoliers (for we were met at the station by the hotel people) was sufficiently exhilarating, and it was not long before three hours' sleep and a most delicious breakfast of fish and fruit had given us a new lease of life and a restored capacity for complete enjoyment. By eleven o'clock we left the Britannia, and got to the Piazza and St. Mark's (on foot), and spent pretty much all of the rest of the day there and in the Ducal Palace. The architecture of the Cathedral, so entirely different in its Byzantine character from anything that I have ever seen before, was

most interesting, striking, and beautiful. The frescos in mosaics on the outside (not seen to the best advantage, because of the brightness of the clear sunlight), the golden domes within, and all the ornamentation of mosaic pictures, scriptural allegories, and figured marbles, are a few of the components that go to make up the glorious whole. The undulating floor is curious, but not in the least annoying, and some of the carving in wood and in ivory in the choir is very fine. After lunching in the Piazza, we went over the Palace of the Doges (the exterior of which was all the more interesting to me because of the picture which has so long hung in our parlor), and were impressed mightily with the gorgeous richness of the different rooms and halls. To see these chambers, at the start already richly decorated with carving and gilding, covered, both walls and ceiling, with superb Titians, Tintorets, and Veroneses, gave one an entirely new idea of what life in mediæval Venice must have been.

We were turned out of the Palace at three, and after buying a few photographs and a map, we took our way to Sta. Maria Formosa, where we admired the Santa Barbara (of Palma Vecchio) very much. After dinner at the Britannia we took a gondola for two hours in the waning light of the early evening. The hotel next to ours was being serenaded by a party of musicians likewise in a gondola, and the songs, now passionate, now sentimental, and again lively, sounded delightfully over the water. The stars shone brightly, and the whole scene was entrancing. Then we moved along slowly up the Grand Canal,

and our gondolier, who spoke French quite fluently, explained to us and pointed out the palaces (which we could see but dimly) and other objects of interest. We went to the end of the Grand Canal and then turned off into the Giudecca, getting the effect of greater space and distance. Passing a little way into the narrow canal between the Ducal Palace and the Prison, we gazed up at the Bridge of Sighs, and thought of the many sorrowful illustrious captives who had passed over it. Then, landing at the Piazzetta, we listened again to the serenaders, who by this time had moved along so as to be opposite the Royal Palace, before going to the far-famed Florian's to get some ices, which truly were delicious, though just a little bit sour for my taste. A full military band was playing inspiring strains in the middle of the Piazza, and throngs of people were moving up and down, and sitting at the different cafés. It was all delightful, as the whole day had been; and when we went to bed we felt that we had most thoroughly saturated ourselves with the peculiar and fascinating atmosphere of Venice.

September 7. — The next day unfortunately it rained very steadily, and we contented ourselves almost entirely with the pictures of the Accademia, which is the most interesting gallery I have yet been in, with a strikingly large proportion of religious and scriptural paintings. Opdycke bought a Ruskin Catalogue, and we took that as our guide, although I could not by any means always agree with his arbitrary statements. We were there steadily from eleven to three,

when the doors were closed. It was particularly interesting to see the full originals of pictures with parts of which I was familiar from Mr. Moore's careful copies (in Cambridge), which I now more fully realize to have been most excellent and "exemplary." . . . Returning to dinner, I noticed again the windows of the palaces with their ogee curves, and the peculiar open quatre-foil tracery above, which is the contribution of Venice to Gothic architecture, most beautiful and characteristic here in its home.

At eleven, on departure, we took the hotel gondola again, and got a last taste of its delights in the "piccolo giro" to the Stazione della Strada Ferrata.

Left Venice evening of 7th September, left Genoa on the 10th, and reached Lyons on the 11th. Soon after at Mâcon we got on to the route by which I came from Switzerland with Eleanor and my Aunts. The state of things is very different now, the crops all gathered and the fields bare; I could not but wonder again at the infrequency of cities and large towns in Central and Southern France. You go by miles and miles of fields and woods without ever seeing a house. It is not so to any such extent in Northern France.

Arrived in Paris, and found the Aunts, Cousin Lizzie Cabot, and Eleanor at the Hôtel Castiglione.

We have been very fortunate in our weather. In fact I have been lucky in everything throughout the summer. It is hard to give an adequate impression of the enjoyment I have got out of this Italian trip, short as it was. Oh! I enjoyed everything, except

the loss of my cigarette holder (made from a little chamois hoof), which I bought in Flüelen on the Lake of Lucerne and used all over Europe only to lose it in the railway carriage at Ventimiglia!

As I thought I should, I stood the travelling very well, and found the days in the train even refreshing; and the weather was hot for such a very short time that there was nothing trying about it.

Paris, September 12. Took Eleanor to the Invalides, where we saw Napoleon's tomb. The yellow light streaming in through the painted glass seemed to me rather theatrical, perhaps not more so than is appropriate to the man, however. The collection of artillery and of armor was interesting, the latter being much better than the collection in the Tower. Then we took a train to the Louvre, and I pointed out to Eleanor some of the pictures I liked, and took a last look at them myself, also going down to bid good-bye to the Venus of Milo in the basement, where she has a small room to herself, richly hung in red.

In the evening I went to the Français, and heard the "Mariage Forcé" of Molière, and "Les Rantzaus." Both MM. Got and Coquelin aîné had parts, and I thought myself very fortunate to have seen them. I think I have now seen all the strongest men in the *Comédie Française*.

September 13. Agreed to meet my Aunts and Eleanor at the Sainte Chapelle, and took my way past the Conciergerie to the Palais de Justice, and there went over the parts of the building which are

open to the public, and into one court, where a judge was assigning dates for cases to be argued. He wore a very simple black gown with a straight white long cravat hanging down in front, not very different from the costume of an *avocat*. The court-room was small and hung with pictures; just over the judge was one of the Crucifixion! The room was crowded with people (apparently witnesses, etc.) and *avocats*.

Last evening, dinner at Voisin's, and the opera of Arda.

September 15. Reached Ghent last evening, and took an extended stroll this morning about the quaint old city, through its narrow streets, seeing its canals and canal-like rivers, the Church of St. Nicholas, the Cathedral, and on past the Belfroi and the Hôtel de Ville to the Marché du Vendredi, which is so interesting in the history of the city.

September 16. It is very pleasant to be again in this quaint old city of Antwerp, with its square paving stones in both streets and sidewalks, its many dogs and dog-carts, and the whole Flemish atmosphere of the place. After inspecting my state-room on the Pennland, I proceeded to the Cathedral, and had the good luck to come in while Mass was being said and the Assumption was unveiled. I think I appreciate the Cathedral more now that I have seen others; the perspective and "mystery" caused by the three aisles on each side of the nave is very great. The Head of Christ painted on marble by Otto Vænus in one of the chapels is wonderful.

I went up into the tower of the Cathedral, the

hardest climb of the kind I have ever had, and on the whole was repaid by the view, though the day was not very clear.

EXTRACTS FROM JOURNAL.

We got away from the wharf promptly at three o'clock, and steamed slowly down the Scheldt, leaving Antwerp and the Cathedral tower in the hazy distance of a chill autumn-like day, threatening rain. The next day was delightful, with bright sunlight most of the time, and almost all the passengers on deck. The Channel was smooth as a mill-pond, and covered with vessels on all sides, — the English coast aboard all the time.

September 28. Arrived in New York early, in abundant time to catch the eleven o'clock for Boston. . . . It was very pleasant to come in on the family unexpectedly, as I did, and most delightful to be really again at home.

I often was led to wonder, when I was taking long, lonely railroad journeys, how it was that the present state of civilization arose, and to ponder on the growth of cities, of manufactures, of whole classes of men who do nothing but exercise their brains, and yet enjoy the greatest comforts of life. How was it that a man could become a robber knight, and build a lofty castle on the steep side of a mountain, swooping down on the caravans of rich and poor traders below?

Sometimes, when sitting dreamily thus, as the train

rolled swiftly on, I would wonder at myself, at the way in which I had bestirred myself to get where I was, and try to discover exactly what impulse it was that made me get up when I reached my destination, hunt for a hotel, and go through all the other annoyances and vexations of travel. However lazily I might thus dream on, coming perhaps to no conclusion after all, there never was a time when these speculations did not melt into thin air when it was necessary to act and change my environment. How much, after all, environment has to do with a man's condition! How could a Swiss peasant be other than he is under the circumstances, how could an Italian be anything but a cheat, or a Frenchman anything but polite!

My natural indolence, however, exercised but little sway over my actions during the summer. Looking back over the seventy-one days, I seem to have accomplished a marvellous amount, and henceforth, whenever I may be obliged to attempt a given stint in a given time, I shall have the firmest belief that I can do it, having this remembrance in my mind.

October 1. It was delightful to have a pleasant Christian Sunday again, after fifteen weeks of absence and European infidelity. Mr. Dole preached a most excellent sermon.

CHAPTER III.

SECOND AND THIRD YEARS AT HARVARD LAW SCHOOL. —
VISIT AT MILWAUKEE. — YEAR AT HOME AND IN BOS-
TON LAW OFFICE. — VISITS AT MATTAPOISETT, FAL-
MOUTH, AND BETHLEHEM. — OCTOBER, 1882, TO OCTO-
BER, 1884.

TO HIS SISTER.

CAMBRIDGE, GRAYS 10, Oct. 5, 1882.

DEAR ELEANOR, — I was delighted to get your pleasant letter, and Aunt Lizzie's, of 21st September, this morning. . . .

I have seen a great many persons in the week I have been at home, and have made some pleasant visits, especially at Brush Hill and Nahant.

Yesterday I came here for good, and am now settled down as far as is possible before Sam G.'s return. At Memorial Hall I am at the Tutors' table, with Taussig and one or two other fellows whom I know well. Everything goes smoothly, and many of the introductory lectures have been very interesting, especially those from Mr. Holmes, with whom I have four hours a week. He has more of a lecture-room style than the other Professors (not so conversational), and is delightfully fluent and finished, never hesitating for a word.

Next week, all my friends will be back, and we shall regularly settle down to hard work.

Yesterday I walked out of town over the Milldam, and the sun was setting just as I crossed the railroad bridge. Looking back towards the city, I saw the many spires of the Back Bay, the soft red of the houses, and the dome of the State House towering over all, delicately touched with the sunset light, the lovely blue of the water in the foreground, and the dark cloud of smoke mingling with the fog in the far background. I thought I had not seen so pretty a city in Europe, and felt proud indeed of my birth-place. The Back Bay Park will add much to it in the course of a few years. Now, although much has been done this summer, it is still very unfinished.

I hope you will get this letter in time to write me once more, as I want much to hear about your London life. Give my love to the Aunts, and keep much for yourself,

From your affectionate brother,

HARRY.

EXTRACTS FROM JOURNAL.

October 24. In the morning, as I was hard at work in the Law School, I got a telegram from Charles Head, asking me to come and spend the night of November 3d with him at Beverly, and drive over to Mrs. Rogers's fancy dress calico party at Oak Hill, the invitation to which I had declined the day before. Perhaps I ought to have firmly declined this invitation

too; but the thought of seeing such an attractive set of girls, who are to come out this winter, proved too much for me, so I telegraphed to C. Head my acceptance, and wrote to Mrs. Rogers another note, revoking my previous regret.

At the same time Sam got a note from H. T., asking us all to come to Albany for a few days at Christmas time, and Op asked me to go and dine with him and Mr. Ropes on Wednesday evening. The temptations to dissipation multiply enormously. I hope that these are all legitimate ones.

November 14. No time for my journal, which is a pity, since the ball deserved description.

The next morning I was driven to Manchester, and found Aunt Lizzie at home, and Steve Bullard staying there. The beach and the ocean were lovely.

December 14. Sam and I went to town and dined at the Vendome with Mrs. Gilbert and Miss Colt, who is in Boston for ten days. Very pleasant dinner.

FROM LETTERS TO S. C. G. DURING HIS ABSENCE FROM THE LAW SCHOOL.

March 19, 1883. . . . It is a pity you are not here for this week; the Ideal Opera Company are playing at the Globe, and we might go and see the Mascotte to-morrow night, and Fatinitza the night after. In your absence, I doubt if I go at all (in your absence and in the lack of cash).

Just think of it! yesterday I finished my *magnum opus*, copying up my summer European letters and

illustrating them with photographs, of which there are just one hundred and fifty.

March 20. I have come to town this morning, and am now writing from Papa's office, to hear a jury case in the Superior Court (Paul *v.* Williams), which John C. Ropes is arguing for the defendant. Rather good fun to hear the examination and cross-examination of the witnesses and parties.

As to my notes in the Law School, Op has been copying some of them and swearing at me for having them too full; so for your sake as well I will try to make them shorter and more concise. Perhaps I can have some of them copied for you in the Spring Recess.

My small brother C. has been sick with bronchitis, not very badly, but has been recovering very slowly.

March 22. Your Sunday letter has just come to hand; very glad to get it. I wonder whether you will get this before you start for the South and West. You cannot really have much doubt that it will be a perfectly easy matter to get your degree by a little hard work when you come back here in the middle of May. In fact I was not troubled by any doubts so far as this matter goes, but that I could still hang on to the honor degree, even if I took that journey, the thought of which (although I declined your tempting invitation) has been demoralizing me all the week. . . . The Ames Club dinner will come next week probably, and I wish you were here to go to it with me.

You must not expect so many letters in future, Chummy, as I have been writing to you this week. I mean to settle down to hard, solid work again.

EXTRACTS FROM JOURNAL.

March 29. Family dinner at Uncle Charles Eliot's. Eleanor and Miss Bessie Lyman came over to Cambridge early and came to my room, whence we all went to Memorial "to see the animals feed," and then to Uncle C.'s in time for their dinner. At eight o'clock Taussig and I went there, and we had a delightfully musical evening, — trios from Aunt Grace, Eleanor, and Taussig, singing by Aunt G. and M. L. B.

April 18. I wrote a rondeau after the pattern of a rondeau in "Life." I do not feel the effort as original as usual, but the form is rather difficult. Since the first of October I have written five sonnets, one valentine, and one rondeau (not to mention a triolet, which W. G. P. was kind enough to praise to-day). It is rather entertaining to do these things, and my interest is sufficiently aroused to make me look up some of the articles on the forms of verse George has given me. There is a certain fascination about these fixed forms, but I think they tend to cramp one's ideas; certainly they do mine, and the whole thing takes up too much time.

June 24. Delightfully lazy Sunday at home; all the work in Cambridge done. Dick Welling on from New York, and Aunts Elizabeth and Harriet too spending Sunday with us. Finish sonnet, "So

straight she sits," and write also another, suggested on our drive home from Elmwood the evening before.¹

June 25. Miss Bessie Colt staying with Eleanor. Sam, Dick, and I came home for dinner and a quiet evening after the bustle of Commencement Day.

We had all worked very hard for examinations, harder than I had ever done before, and for a long time. Of seven examinations, the last four came every other day. The last one was on the Wednesday before Class Day, and that night E. had a *Musical* at home. Thursday, H. T. spent the night with me. The following Monday, S. C. G., Op, H. T., and I gave a dinner at Taft's to J. C. Ropes, O. W. Holmes, Jr., and T. S. Perry; W. G. Pellew and Richardson also present. Very successful.

The next night came our Class dinner, then Commencement, followed by *Φ. B. K.* and breaking up at Cambridge, while all through the week Miss Colt had been staying at home, and we had all been more or less back and forth to see her.

At the end of the week I was much less knocked up than I had anticipated, and in a day or two had entirely recuperated from the fatigues of work and dissipation.

With my Law School work I am on the whole pretty well satisfied, though of course I have not accomplished so much as some of the men who spent their Sundays also in Cambridge, like Ordway.

But I have carried off the honor degree, and received also an A. M.

¹ See page 209.

On June 30th, I saw Mr. Shattuck and agreed to come into his office, Shattuck and Monroe, as a student, on September 1st. Woodbury, '80, will also be there, and Thorpe, '79, will stay.

July 4. Spent the night at Nahant, and since then have had ten days at home of delightfully idle existence, varied by tennis, driving, and calling; Eleanor and I keeping house, with Uncle Frank Storer as our guest; the rest of the family at Bethlehem, except C. E. G., Jr., who is on a farm at Camden, Me.

On Monday, July 30th, Harry left home for Milwaukee to make his friend, Sam Gilbert, a promised visit. He went by way of Niagara and Detroit, crossing Lake Michigan by steamer.

FROM LETTERS TO HIS FAMILY.

14 WAVERLY PLACE, MILWAUKEE,
Aug. 4, 1883.

The trip across the lake was smooth and monotonous, but the approach to Milwaukee is really beautiful; the city lies rather at the apex of a bay and on the right shore as you approach are the large fine houses of the residence quarter, the churches, and a handsome stone water-tower, while on the left is a huge iron-foundry with tall chimneys, from which black smoke pours forth; and in front are several elevators, and several large commercial buildings.

Sam met me at the wharf, and I was very sorry to see that he was not looking well, and to learn that a

cold with which he has been bothered for some time became aggravated about a week ago into an attack of bronchitis, with some fever, usually in the evening. He has been improving, however, and is now decidedly better, though it is still necessary for him to be very careful. He says he shall not let my presence here do away with any precautions, and I shall certainly do my very best to prevent it. He is very anxious to get thoroughly well in order to go with me to Eau Claire, St. Paul, etc.

Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert gave me a very cordial greeting, and I began to feel at home immediately. After lunch we took a drive in Mrs. Gilbert's victoria, and went over the water-works building, seeing the engine built by Mr. Allis, Mrs. Gilbert's brother.

This morning we sat on the piazza after breakfast, enjoying the beautiful day and the view. This house, although not actually on the lake, is separated from it by only one house-lot, and it looks directly down a street towards the water; from my window on the third floor I see the wide horizon of the lake and most of the harbor with its breakwater, though somewhat obscured by trees. This part of the city is very pretty; all the houses set well back from the street and somewhat above it, generally with a little terrace near the sidewalk; all the streets lined with trees, and everything, trees, grass, and vines, beautifully green.

August 12.

I was delighted, dear Eleanor, to get your letter from Mount Desert, and to learn that you have been

enjoying yourself there, and seeing a great variety of people.

I think I did know G——; he lived in my entry in Hollis, and had known Rob, so that he was always very pleasant to me.

When you get home and peruse my other letters, you will see that I have made the acquaintance of several young ladies, (two or three of them very charming,) and that I have played a great deal of tennis, in which I have been most wofully vanquished. Mrs. —— comes very near my ideal of a woman, — lucky she is married, is it not? — slender, willowy, and tall (though not so tall as you), with a most gracious, lady-like, and refined manner, not specially pretty in feature, but thoroughly cultivated, bright in mind, and quick in conversation.

There are several jolly girls, and the thing that most surprises me is that they seem a little old, — not really old, you know, but fully my contemporaries.

All of Sam's men friends seem, and probably are, older than I am. Either I have got a little ahead of my age, or Western men mature more rapidly than fellows in the East. And perhaps they *are* thrown into contact with life on more of its varied sides, and get less into ruts, than we do at home.

I am enjoying myself thoroughly, and am very well.

August 20.

It seems a long time since I wrote you last, and I have seen a great many places and things since then.

The days before starting on my little journey were pleasantly varied with dinners, delightful drives, tennis, and on the last evening a Thomas concert at Schlitz Park.

Eau Claire was my first stopping place after leaving Milwaukee. There I was met by Mr. Gilbert, who for all the rest of the day showed great interest in taking me about the saw-mills, lumber-yards, and the city itself. We went to the top of a hill from which we got a general view of the place, went into all of the mills, and saw the great heavy lumber converted into beams, planks, shingles, and laths, much of the old hand-work having been superseded by machinery, which is fascinating to watch. The "nigger" is the name given to a great beam of wood, studded with iron spikes, that can be suddenly thrown up from the floor to turn over the log as it lies on the carriage, and present a new face to the rapidly revolving saw. Then there was an ingenious contrivance, named, after its inventor, "Frank McDonner's Piano," for sawing the finished plank into such different lengths as might be required. The planing mills too were interesting; but as an exhibition of power the gang-saw and the circular-saw work (where the "nigger" is used) are most striking.

The whole town is lighted by electric lights, placed on very high wooden towers.

Joe Gilbert appeared Wednesday morning, and we took the train together for Menominee, and there drove about the town and into the outskirts, where the brickyards are situated with which he is connected.

They are large yards, and a very fine quality of brick is made, both by hand and by machinery.

In the afternoon we went to St. Paul, arriving at 9 P. M. We drove about the city the next morning, up and down its rather steep hills, to Summit Park, which commands an extensive view over the Mississippi. In the afternoon of that day we saw the enormous flour mills of Minneapolis, and the Falls of St. Anthony. The water falls over a carefully constructed slide of wooden planks, a striking instance of human interference with the laws of nature.

An hour in the train brought us to the Lafayette, on Lake Minnetonka, a large and really handsome hotel, but not fashionable, and there was a lack of guests.

The lake, which is about fourteen miles long, is made up of innumerable bays and arms, and dotted with islands. It is very pretty indeed, but that is all, nothing fine or grand about it. The well wooded shores become monotonous after a time (at least to me). After the tour of the lake the next day in a large steamer, we went to the Hotel St. Louis, which was nearly full and is much frequented by St. Louis and Southern people. J. G. had an acquaintance there who introduced us, and we got right "into the swim" at once, so that the evening was much less sombre than the night before at the Lafayette.

Saturday I parted from Joe Gilbert at St. Paul, and found the railroad ride down the Mississippi interesting, and in many places beautiful. At Lacrosse we left the river and went to Kilbourne City, where I was

disappointed to find only a letter from Sam, saying that he had decided it was wiser for him not to come. So I spent Sunday alone, and enjoyed as best I could the Dells of Wisconsin, picturesque rocky scenery somewhat like the Au Sable Chasm in New York.

MILWAUKEE, August 23.

We dined in the evening of August 22 at the Club, for Mr. Abbot, on my account, had hurried up a Harvard dinner, which he gives every year about this time to all Harvard men here. There were a dozen of us, and the dinner, though a little long, was very pleasant. Mr. Willard, President of the Chicago Harvard Club, sat on Mr. Abbot's right, and I on his left.

The question of establishing a Milwaukee Harvard Club was mooted, but not decided. Those opposed to it took the ground that it was wiser to strengthen the hands of the Chicago Club, which is already a vigorous institution.

Have I not been fortunate in my weather? Rain has not once spoiled any of my plans, and, except for a day in Minnetonka, there has been really no heat; delightfully cool bright days have been the rule.

I find it hard work to leave Milwaukee. It has been for me a most delightful city, of which I shall always have the pleasantest memories. The society is varied and delightful; in fact, cultivated people are the same all the world over, and there are many such in Milwaukee. In some ways the conventionalities of life are less strict than in the East.

Judging from this one experience in a single Western city, I have been quite shaken from my old provincial belief that I could never live happily save in Boston. It has been very delightful also to make so many new acquaintances, and I have felt that I have done myself more justice where I was a stranger, and necessarily obliged to do a little more in conversation towards taking the lead. Of course, the mere fact that all my thoughts and other people's ideas which I have picked up in many various discussions at home were new to these people, at least as coming from me, had a great deal to do with the greater freedom I felt. So I blossomed out into quite a new creature, and shall try to maintain a similar character at home.

After twenty-four hours together at Chicago, Sam and I left at the same time, he to go to Milwaukee, and I to take the limited express on the Pennsylvania Railroad for New York. He seemed not to have suffered at all from his day's expedition. I fear that it was good bye for some time. . . .

It was delightful to be met the next night at Jersey City by Opdycke. We went straight to the Union Square Theatre and took supper with Dick Welling. Sunday, church, Central Park, walks, and talks filled the day.

Then came three days at Gilbertsville carefully planned by Sam Gilbert. Harry stayed at the Stag's Head Inn, and was immediately made welcome to the "Stone House" and the "Hall." A lively and

informal "German" at the inn introduced him at once to the relatives and friends of the family, and his short visit was a delightful one.

FROM S. C. GILBERT TO CHARLES E. GUILD.

MILWAUKEE, Aug. 31, 1883.

DEAR MR. GUILD, — Your kind letter came to me yesterday. I am sorry you were disappointed in not seeing Harry appear when he was so confidently expected, and fear I am the guilty party, for I urged him to act on my cousin Robert Gilbert's suggestion, who, writing for me to come to Gilbertsville with Harry, said, "If you can't come yourself, send Guild to us anyway."

If Harry gets there at a time when there is life and gayety in the old village, he will enjoy the novelty and the people; if not, he will be bored, and I am waiting with interest to hear from him about it all. Even if he is not fully repaid for the time spent in taking this flyer, he will at all events have seen "the old stone house," the home of my forefathers, and some new members of the Gilbert family, and this is a great satisfaction to me; for our relation heretofore has been quite one-sided, while now that he knows more of my family and can think of me in my home surroundings, distance I hope will have less chance of driving me entirely from his thoughts.

I trust that Charlie will not get to the Nebraska ranch without stopping at Milwaukee. I did not realize how soon he was to leave home, or I should

have written to him, and once away from home I did not know where or how to reach him; but he must know how glad I should be to see him, and I am sure he cannot pass me by unless he is hard pressed for time.

It was a great disappointment for me not to be able to make the trip north with Harry. I had so long looked forward to his coming and planned what we would do and enjoy together, that ill health just at that moment seemed very hard, especially to one of my impatient nature.

I have been improving very rapidly lately, — have gained five pounds in weight within ten days, and feel quite my old self again, — so that I hope within six weeks at latest I shall be able to be at some work without fear of injuring myself.

Please thank Mrs. Guild for the photographs of your house which she sent by Harry, who I fear may forget. I think them very good indeed. I have placed them over my writing desk, where I see them many times a day, and often amuse myself by filling out the landscape with the familiar personages with whom it is associated in my mind and heart.

My mother wishes me to acknowledge your kind message, and to express the pleasure she has had in Harry's visit.

With kindest remembrances to Mrs. Guild and Miss Guild, believe me to be

Very sincerely and gratefully yours,

SAMUEL C. GILBERT.

EXTRACTS FROM JOURNAL.

September 1, 1883. Begin work at 35 Court Street, with Shattuck and Monroe. Office hours nine to five, except Saturday, when I get out at three o'clock.

October 16. Troublesome bilious condition; irregular at office.

November 1. After breakfast am assailed by the family, and fairly ordered to Newport. During the morning squared up various jobs I am engaged in at the office, lunched, and met Papa at the Old Colony at 3.35.

November 5. Return and find it very cheerful at home. Owing to Mamma's urgency and an agreement with Mr. Monroe, I stay away from office the rest of the week.

Sunday, November 11. Entirely recovered.

TO L. E. OPDYCKE.

BOSTON, Dec. 17, 1883.

DEAR OP,—As to my evenings, which you ask about, they have of late been so varied that it is hard to say whether I devote them to family, "society," or recreation. One thing, alas! is easily said, and that is that I have not been firm enough in purpose to give even the least part of them to *work*. My health is entirely restored, though I fear I can no longer boast of my pristine rugged constitution, and indifference to both the quantity and quality of my provender.

Last week I spent several nights at my Aunt's, 80 Beacon Street, and, besides accomplishing many calls, I saw Irving twice, in Louis XI. and Shylock. His Louis seemed to me a very powerful impersonation, although the play is disagreeable, not only from the death scene, but because the tone of the whole thing required almost sensational acting. It reminded me of Mansfield in "The Parisian Romance."

I do not think the standard of such acting is as high as Booth's Hamlet or Richelieu. And when Irving took the part of Shylock, he seemed to me decidedly inadequate, though the scene in the courtroom impressed me more than anything I have seen him do. There he was well restrained, and there seemed to be a proper balance in his acting, and due regard for "values." But elsewhere both his enunciation and pronunciation were often abominable; his incessant stamping with the right foot (for emphasis) was almost unendurable, and I thought sometimes he ranted.

I found Miss Terry too rather disappointing; admirable in all that required a gay, light touch, as when she begs the ring from Bassanio, and where (in the last act) she refuses to believe he gave it to a man; but too shallow and superficial where depth of feeling was required, and constantly too nervous, and rather monotonous in her gestures, continually stretching her right arm to full length with fingers wide distended. Yet on the whole she was graceful and pleasing, and the *mise en scène* of the

piece was most admirable. It was indeed delightful to have the minor parts so well and so naturally taken, so that one got the full benefit of the beautiful lines, and felt that one was seeing and hearing Shakespeare (and not Booth).

The scenery, costumes, and all accessories pleased me to the full; there was too much to be appreciated at one time.

What a pity we cannot have a little more of that sort of thing on our American stage! The actors are quite as good.

Saturday night I drove in with Eleanor to a small "German" at Miss Lowell's, and was all "broke up" by the good time I had there. I have been going along most contentedly here at the office, and have been much interested by my work, and in the evenings have diverted myself in one way and another without being too much distracted; but now I am seized with a wild desire to go to more and more parties, and plunge into dissipation with a vengeance. However, I do not doubt that this will soon wear off with a little active work.

I find that I am quite justified in thinking that in many ways Cambridge life last winter *was* bad for me, in giving me too little to occupy my thoughts and necessarily engross my time. Office work in these ways is a blessing. Witness my last versifying: —

The Law my mistress is,
To her alone I bow;
To solve her mysteries
Is all my purpose now.

I care not now, nor yearn
For maiden fair or wife,
But to my mistress stern
I dedicate my life.

Charlie is probably either at Denver or on his way there from Spokane Falls, Washington Territory, whence came our last letter from him. He was unlucky in striking wet weather in Portland, Oregon, and generally in the western part of Washington Territory, and he seems to have been a little under the weather there. Spokane is higher and dryer; but on the whole he seems to have been best pleased with Colorado, where he will probably spend the winter.

Not yet am I tempted to leave Boston; in fact, I enjoy it more than ever this winter.

January 15, 1884.

I was very glad to get your letter of a week ago, and meant to have answered it before, especially as I have been at home most of the time, laid up with an ulcerated tooth. But the accompaniments of that trying malady are not exactly of a cheerful nature, and on the whole I thought I would wait before answering your letter until I could refrain from overwhelming you with my own blues. I am sure you will sympathize with me in being forced to break in again upon wished for regularity in office work, (though the firm are very kind about it,) not to mention the loss of various parties, receptions, etc., I longed for in the gay world.

During my sojourn at home I have of course had a good deal of time for reading; inspired by the "Poems in Prose," and by H. James's article on Turgenieff in the "Century," I read "Virgin Soil," and found it interesting, though perhaps even more instructive. I must say, that when I read a novel I do not care so much to learn about Nihilism and peasant life in Russia (or vagabondism and crime in other parts of the world) as I do to read about the daily lives of men and women in our own sphere of action, whose experiences may aid us in our own lives. I agree with Trollope's views on novels and general criticism of his contemporaries in the chapters of his (to me very interesting) Autobiography, on Novels and English Novel-Writers. I agree with him in opposition to James's statement of the view of the French school of writers (viz. that a work of art is the prime object) as to morality in novels; I do not see how a novel-writer can fail to have the question of morals before him in writing. The French view might be right, if the only people who read novels were men who looked at them only as works of art, and judged them solely by artistic standards, uninfluenced by other considerations. But inasmuch as novels are written for the purpose of being read by thousands who have no such high standard, but who are profoundly influenced by morality or the lack of it in the novels, I think the writer should strive to accomplish what will be best for them, and that will be, not a highly finished work of art (above their powers of appreciation as a work of art but pandering to immorality),

but straight-forward sketching (or idealized painting, if the writer can) from every-day life, with the moral lessons well drawn, not as the object of the work, but incidentally, as in actual life.

There is a pretty little collection of thirty-six Lyrics and twelve Sonnets by T. B. Aldrich that I have just bought, and find more real poetry in than I had given him credit for. I was induced to try a quatrain myself the other day (not without some success, I hope, in the eyes of the recipient). Ah! you don't know how I wish for you when I have the versifying fit on me: I need so much some one to go to whose criticism I value, and like Ned Softly, the poet of Addison, ask you whether it is better to say "graceful" or "pliant" form, or change it entirely into "figure's pose"; and whether "guise" can apply to anything but wearing apparel.

Your gracious words about my previous verses encourage me to inflict upon you a sonnet, "To Chloris Sweetly Playing the Violin,"¹ which will explain the previous allusions.

You will easily guess who the Chloris is that inspired the sonnet, though perhaps I have departed a little from the inspiration. Your candid criticism as of old would give me the sincerest pleasure, but perhaps it is rather too much to ask of you.

I almost fear it is a great weakness on my part to yield to this penchant for poetry and versifying. I ought to be buckling down to a second reading of the Pub. Stats. of Mass., or grinding on Crocker's

¹ See page 211.

Comm. Forms (an invaluable book for Mass. lawyers). But alas! I never do such things; am too busy, and when not too busy, too lazy in the office, and at home in the evenings too sleepy. I have done absolutely no work in preparation for my Bar Examinations, which come in June, and doubt if I do any through the winter.

TO S. C. GILBERT.

BOURNE STREET, FOREST HILLS,
March 27, 1884.

DEAREST SAM,—You have my very heartiest sympathy. It is awful to have to think of you there at Deming, and I shall try to think of you now only as enjoying once more your mother's companionship and a pleasant life in Southern California.

I have almost feared that your letter would bring bad news, and was only consoled by its size, and seeing that you were still able to wield a forcible pen.

It is useless for me to try to tell you what we both know so well,—how much your life and health are worth to me, and how dear you are in every way (so that it is impossible for any detail in your history, however small, to be "dry" for me),—useless because you know it all perhaps even better than I do, and useless too because I still find it (as you have known before) very hard to put my deeper feelings into words without a seeming of artificiality. I do not fear your misunderstanding me.

I shall try to write to you more frequently, and you

must not bother to answer my letters except when you feel entirely in the mood. I shall not expect answers, though of course always delighted to hear from you.

Since you really seem to like it, I shall continue to give you all the little details and incidents that make up my life. I wonder that I did not write to you about Op's and H. T.'s visit (perhaps a letter has gone astray). They reached Boston on the evening before Washington's birthday, and appeared, much to my surprise, at a party at Mr. Codman's on Brimmer Street. (He was the man who lectured on Free Trade at Cambridge.) I presented H. T. to Miss — and Miss —, and Op followed his own taste in talking to his older friends.

Friday we lunched at Young's, an affair got up by Geo. Pellew and Jo Quincy. Pleasant, but too much to eat, especially when followed by such a dinner as Mr. Ropes gave us three fellows. After dinner we ransacked his musical library, Patience, Pinafore, Pirates, etc., for airs we knew, with great success in noise, if nothing else. Op and H. T. came here the next day, and we had a pleasant, jolly time.

Dick has asked me to run on to New York for a Sunday, and I am strongly tempted to go and try to work in two days in Washington also. Fast Day comes next week, and by leaving here Wednesday evening I should arrive in Washington Thursday morning and return to New York for Sunday. The change might give the finishing touch to my despicable little catarrh, which has much improved of

late. This is still uncertain, but I have a hankering to see Washington, and think I may get there.

At the office for the last ten days I have been on brief work, etc., for we have had three cases argued before the court *in banc* in that time; the last one ending this morning, when Mr. Shattuck made a superb argument in closing what we have called the Trinity Church case,—really Attorney General *v.* Henry M. Whitney,—about the little triangular lot in front of Trinity and the Art Museum.

You remember that Mr. Ropes lost a case last year in which he tried to establish a private easement for light, air, and approach over it in favor of H. B. Williams. This case is based on the assertion of a public right to have the triangle kept open forever and not built upon, founded upon dedication by the Boston Water Power Co., and also on a covenant by them, in pursuance of statutory authority, to agree upon a plan as to streets, squares, etc. The indenture to which this plan was attached, though recorded, was never acknowledged, and the defendant based his main defence on the stupid old Massachusetts rule that such record is not constructive notice, and that actual notice is necessary to bind him. But the statutory rule applies only to deeds of the fee for life and to leases for more than seven years, and in other parts of their argument the defendant strongly contended that this indenture was but a mere executory agreement, which gave much force to our contention that, as at common law, only constructive notice was necessary. Of that there was abundant evidence.

You see I am fresh from the case, and much interested by it. It was very voluminous, nearly three hundred pages of evidence, deeds, statutes, etc., and a plan-book (18 in. by 12) containing twenty-nine maps or parts of maps.

All the arguments were good (except, perhaps, Hyde's for the defence), but Mr. Shattuck's was noticeably so; he has made a great study of it, and his familiarity with all the facts came out with almost startling clearness. The case was noteworthy, too, as being the first appearance in court of Dwight Foster, who has been very sick for months, but is now able to be about again.

It is getting late, and I must say good night.

“All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of Love,
And feed his sacred flame.”

Lovingly,

HARRY.

This couplet was full of associations for the chums, who chanted it together at No. 10 Grays, just before retiring, a peculiar rite sometimes gone through with before sympathetic and intimate (and late) visitors.

TO L. E. OPDYCKE.

BOURNE ST., May 14, 1884.

DEAR OP,—I got, through Dick, the owl pin you sent me, and shall be very glad to have it as still another tangible reminder of you. I have been very

glad to get from him occasional facts about you and your mother, and shall hope now to hear of a steady gain on your part.

You know, old man, how thoroughly I can sympathize with that awful feeling of the continual existence of a gap, a break never to be filled, and can appreciate the increased closeness to those that remain, — because I have been through the same experience on a smaller scale; and you will not feel it to be an intrusion on your sorrow that I do offer you my heartfelt sympathy. It will give us one more bond in common to cement our friendship. Do not feel in any way obliged to answer this, but let me know, whenever you care to write, how you and your mother get on.

For myself, I have been very much better during these bright days of spring weather. I come out now twice a week (besides Saturdays) to get a ride on horseback, usually with Papa or Katharine. This forces me into leaving the office nearly an hour earlier, but I am growing callous and do not mind. Woodbury has been eclipsing me there entirely, and I shall be rather glad of a change at the end of the summer to some office which I shall feel to be more permanent. . . . I have been interested of late in the formation of a new social club in Boston, intended for (and got up by) mainly men of our age, who are of moderate means and tastes. There are now rather over one hundred members, mostly Harvard men, ranging from '76 men (with a few older ones honorary members) down to recent graduates.

A week ago I enjoyed very much the last Wagner Concert in the Festival series. Eleanor and I were invited by Mrs. Olney, and after a dinner at her house we proceeded to the large hall in the Mechanics' Association Building, where we had excellent seats.

Winckelman's voice was superb in its richness and fulness of expression, while it was very interesting to observe the total difference in voice and method between Materna and Nilsson, who sang a great deal together in passages from Lohengrin. I thought Materna's voice the fresher of the two, and better adapted to the Wagner music.

Ever yours,

HARRY.

TO S. C. GILBERT.

BOURNE STREET, June 1, 1884.

DEAR SAM,—I have been very busy since I last wrote you, with diverse undertakings. Yesterday came the Bar Examinations, which I think I passed, though two of the papers were generally admitted to be very tough; one on Corporations, a new subject; and the other on Mass. Practice and Pleading, which required a full knowledge of all the technicalities as to non-joinder of parties.

On the other papers I think I did fairly; Real Estate, Equity and Equity Pleading, and Torts (not quite finishing the last.)

Of course a good deal of this week has been devoted to grinding, but it was interrupted by a hurried

visit to New York on office business, going on Monday night by the Stonington boat, and breakfasting the next morning with Dick at his house.

I saw H. T. too, for a moment, in the new office his firm has just moved into, from which there is a superb view of the Brooklyn Bridge. . . . Got back in time to vote at a meeting of the new club for the name finally adopted, "Puritan Club." Friday afternoon we went to a lawn party at Mrs. C. Sargent's, in Brookline. Saw Misses S—— and T——, and many other friends. Very pretty party, but the day was rather cool for it to be gay. Last Sunday I spent at Quincy with Jo and his family, and had a very pleasant time. Went to church in the morning and saw the tablets to the memory of the Presidents, strolled through the town, dined with Jo's Aunts, and heard Miss Helen sing a few songs, as delightfully as ever.

Take good care of yourself, and good night, with much love from

HARRY.

TO HIS FATHER.

35 COURT STREET, July 7, 1884.

DEAR PAPA, — Eleanor and I came from East Greenwich this morning, after a most delightful visit at Mr. Welling's. Whitehead, Dick, and I had two or three sails, two baths that were most delightful, and we enjoyed the Sunday afternoon walk very much.

The country from any eminence such as Oak Hill produces generally a flat impression, though there is much variety in detail; but on the level ground there is the same effect of distance that I noticed in England, and rather an English look generally owing to the trees being scattered in clumps. . . . In the evenings, besides music, vocal and piano playing, we had games, — dumb crambo, a sort of character game, and cutting out silhouettes. Of course, on the whole, the life was a lazy one, though I got a good deal of exercise, and the complete change from every-day existence for three full clear days with such pleasant people was most delightful. Dick was in excellent spirits, and a most charming sub-host.

Your affectionate son,

HARRY.

TO L. E. OPDYCKE.

MATTAPoisETT, Aug. 4, 1884.

DEAR OP, — Very glad to get your note here the other day, but wish to protest at once against your statement that you may not vote at all next autumn. The Democrats did a very wise thing the last time they were "collected in numbers," to wit, they nominated Cleveland. Besides that, voting for Cleveland does not mean giving power to the mass of ruffianly Democrats, but entrusting it to a man who has shown that he knows how to use it, uninfluenced by the baser lot of his party. Your argument, too, would lead to an unending government by Republicans.

I am taking my vacation here at Mr. Shattuck's house (for the present) earlier than I meant to, and have had to give up all plans for Moosehead, on account of a slight but rather persistent bronchial cough, which would not be shaken off while I still kept on working. The mild air here, free as it is from dampness, and bright, sunny weather, have already in less than a week made a new man of me, and I have now almost lost my cough.

I have seen a good deal of Holmes, J., who lives near here, and it has been delightful to see him and Mr. Shattuck together.

Last Friday and Saturday we three took quite a cruise in the "Windward," Mr. Shattuck's yacht, to Falmouth, where we saw Eleanor, who is now staying with the Olneys, and thence to Nantucket. Perfect weather and beautiful sailing, with blue sea, blue sky, and bright sun, made the whole trip most enjoyable as well as health-giving.

Senator Bayard is here, staying with his son-in-law, Sam Warren of Boston, and I expect to go with them for a sail on the "Windward" this afternoon. Mr. Shattuck had to go back to town again this morning, and left me in full and solitary possession of his house, his servants, and his horses,—a most generous hospitality.

At the end of the week I rather expect to go to Falmouth. The air is rather more bracing there than here, though, as you may remember, all along this South Shore the climate is mild and soft, rather than harsh in the least degree.

Until I came down here, my life had been a very quiet one at home, varied only by the return of two girl cousins (daughters of my father's minister brother) from Europe, where they have lived for six years.

I heard from S. C. G. the other day; he says he is about the same, but enjoys the change to the mountains. His address is San Gorgonio, Cal. He camps out and traps quail, with his negro's assistance.

FALMOUTH, Aug. 25, 1884.

I have been having a most delightful time here, and for the last day or two have been staying at Mrs. Olney's, and one after another of my family has been at Falmouth too; K. is here at present, and Mamma was here for Sunday.

I go home to-morrow, and after a day or two shall start for I know not what place, perhaps the Adirondacks, perhaps nearer home. Have been reading a lot of Miss Austen, enjoying her very much. Sent for George's Essay, and read much of it to Miss Agnes Olney, who is quite an enthusiast for Jane. She was much delighted with the Essay, and I cannot help feeling on re-reading it, as I have done in the fresh light given by the Novels, that it is most admirably done.

Yours,

H.

TO S. C. GILBERT.

BETHLEHEM, N. H., Sept. 7, 1884.

DEAR SAM, — When I am forced to think, as your letter forces me to, of all the suffering and discomfort you have to go through every day, my heart goes out to you in love and sympathy, — sympathy that most deeply regrets its own inability to make itself felt otherwise than in words.

But you can imagine my grief, and must do your best to imagine my sympathy. Do keep me well informed of your condition, old boy, and let us look forward to a time when we shall no longer have cause to grieve, but to rejoice. I hope the change from mountains to sea-shore will bring you permanent improvement, as a change the other way has brought it to me.

I have been here now eight days, and have gained much already. The weather has been unusually warm and beautiful, and I have been in the open air all the time; on the piazza, walking, and driving. Now I am living with my Aunts in the cottage they have had all summer (*Parva Domus*), and find it very pleasant to be so much with them, and with my cousins lately come from abroad, about whom I think I have written you.

I have been much interested this summer in some talks I have had with a friend who has cultivated the intellectual faculties to a high degree, and has had the advantage of two years in Europe, delighting in pictures, art, music, languages, and everything that

appeals to and broadens the mind. But with all that, there has been no time for and no stimulus towards the thought of those eternal, unsolvable problems of human existence, of the causes and objects of our being, which after all make up the only true life. It does not matter whether we are in Paris, or Rome, or Kamchatka, so far as the working out of the great soul struggles is concerned. Perhaps talking and thinking about it more has brought it more forcibly before my mind, but certainly I am more and more convinced of its truth. Of course there is no use in burying one's self in a desert, as did the mediæval monks; the body and mind must live and have their cravings satisfied as well as the soul, but the life of the soul and its work is the essential thing, and without the recognition of this our lives are poor and barren indeed. Here, where the soul is, or nowhere, is our spiritual Paris and Rome. . . .

BOURNE STREET, Oct. 2, 1884.

I have been at home now for ten days, and have been kept in the house a good deal by bad weather, and latterly have been much occupied in entertaining my two cousins, now making us a visit, and Op, who stayed from Friday till Tuesday. He seemed very well indeed, and it was a great pleasure to have a chance to talk over things with him. He asked very warmly after you, and wished very heartily that he could have gone out to see you, even for a week.

Now for myself, old boy. The doctors still find slight traces of trouble in the lower bronchials, and

such traces of lesion as to show it must have been pleurisy, and not intercostal neuralgia, that gave me pain in the sharp attacks I had in July. I am therefore advised (of course it is simply now a precautionary measure, as I look and feel very well) to avoid the Boston winter, and spend a year in free open-air life in a dry climate and high altitude, which (being interpreted by Dr. Knight) means Colorado Springs for the present, and, if it gets too cold there, Las Vegas, or some such place.

Of course, as you know well, it is a little trying to give up all one's plans and ambitions, but now that I have got over making up my mind to it, I look forward to a jolly winter and some sociability at the Springs; for I am by no means an invalid, and am perfectly competent to have a very good time.

I shall no doubt join Charlie when I first get to Colorado, and now Mamma talks of going out with me to see him and establish me in winter quarters. She would stay for a month or so perhaps.

I wish I could join you. If I could it would quite reconcile me to giving up Boston and the law, and my petty ambitions. When I get to Colorado we must confer about it, for you will not have time to hit me here after you get this, as we expect to start October 13th.

Ever yours,

H. E. G.

CHAPTER IV.

ARRIVAL AT COLORADO SPRINGS. — FIRST WINTER THERE.
— SUMMER AT MANITOU PARK. — SECOND WINTER AT
COLORADO SPRINGS. — OCTOBER, 1884, TO MARCH, 1886.

TO L. E. OPDYCKE.

COLORADO SPRINGS, Oct. 23, 1884.

DEAR OP,— An easy journey, pleasantly broken by a stop of nearly two days (one night) at Dr. Taussig's in St. Louis, brought us here last Saturday. We found Charles looking much better and more robust.

To-day Dr. Reed (who seems an admirable physician) looked me over, and confirmed the previous opinion that this was just the right place for me, and he was generally encouraging.

Following his advice, Mamma has decided to stay for the present at least, in order to keep house for us, and so we have leased a pleasantly situated cottage, with delightful piazza south and east, and fine south bay window in the room dedicated to my use. The lease is for six months, so that I am likely to remain here till April at least. Of course it makes it very much more cheerful to have my mother stay on, and we shall be delightfully independent of all the world of hotels and boarding-houses.

The mountains are grand, but very rugged and austere, except when haze and cloud shadows, or the softer light of early morning and late afternoon, lend them indistinctness and a vague mystery of light and color.

The town is well laid out, with broad streets, tree-lined, on a rectangular plan. The houses are as a general rule very low and small, so that the effect is open and breezy.

I am getting gradually acclimated, but do not yet accomplish much beyond a short and moderate walk, though I feel much the same as at home, except that I have found it very easy to indulge in much delightful laziness, and bask in the sun and fresh and breezy air. So during this lazy time, in much of which I have been left alone while my mother and Charlie were doing errands and house hunting, I have been working over my sonnet on Egotism, a new version of which I do now submit.¹

Ever yours,

H. E. G.

TO THE "POOL." ²

COLORADO SPRINGS, Nov. 15, 1884.

DEAR POOL (if indeed it be proper to use so familiar a mode of address to such an august body), — As it is impossible for me at this present time to recall with exactness how much or how little I have written to divers members of the Pool concerning this

¹ See page 226.

² See page 21.

place and climate (and to some I know I have written nothing); and as I am urged by the Hon. Secretary, and indeed to me it seemeth desirable, to set forth the climatic and other conditions of a place which is to be for some time of interest to the Pool; and as, finally, (by reason of the practice gained by the writing of sundry letters.) I have acquired a certain facility in the description, though fragmentary, of such conditions, — now it is my purpose to enter upon a more complete description, and if I do but repeat what to some members is already familiar, I crave their indulgence.

Imprimis, then, it is to be remembered that the altitude of the *mesa*, or little plain, on which the town is built is barely less than six thousand feet, (so that a little eminence hard by the town, scarcely worthy of the name of hill, is in derision called Mount Washington, because it reaches the same level above the sea as that noble chieftain of the White Hills of New England,) which fact combined with the vicinage of mighty mountains of an elevation of more than fourteen thousand feet and other causes produces many notable results. The pressure of the atmosphere, which at the East, as I need not remind the Pool, is 15 lbs., is here not more than $11\frac{1}{2}$ lbs.; less than one third as much of watery vapor is present in the air, so that the rays of the sun meet with much less to diminish their effect, and in truth they are very hot and bright.

For the same cause, too, I conjecture, (though I cannot here quote the authority of the learned physi-

cian who so far supports me,) the moon has a wondrous brilliancy at night, and the stars shine clear and bright with a surpassing radiance. The sky remains unclouded day after day, the outlines of the mountains are unobscured by haze or mist, for their tall summits seem not, as in other lands, to attract clouds, and the number of bright sunny days throughout the year is unusually great, so that the invalid may safely breathe the pure air of heaven without hindrance from rain or storm, or too piercing cold.

'T is said that wind-storms are the bane of the locality, and yet they last but some four or five hours. Of the dust which must accompany them, we can speak of our own knowledge. It rises not much, is very fine, and might almost be called clean dirt, and yet when once it becomes affixed to, or, worse, imbedded in one's clothes, (especially in such a new suit of rough cloth as your deponent at once rejoiceth and sorroweth in,) it is of a tenacity that makes it devilish.

Secondly, of the town (city they call it), conceived, planned, and laid out some thirteen years ago according to the recognized mode of the Western town, with streets at right angles (two diagonal exceptions only enforcing the rule) its aspect may readily be imagined. No street is less than one hundred feet broad, and every third one is an avenue thirty feet broader. A not unpleasing uniformity is given by the rows of cottonwood trees of different varieties that line both sides, and derive their sustenance (not afforded by nature in this dry air and

soil) from the boxed-in irrigating ditches that take the place of gutters. The houses are small, and except in the business portion of the city (where very low two-story blocks of brick or stone are the rule) are universally detached, and surrounded by a little green plat, flooded at stated intervals by water from the irrigating ditches. Our house, whose largest room is sixteen by eighteen feet, may fairly be taken as a type, and so I have inserted the tracing of a sketch of it, although it doth exceed the limited number of pages. A few of the more recent houses are as large as the comfortable homes of the average New England towns, and are perhaps built of stone or brick, but the great majority look like the homes of Eastern artisans or small traders. In some ways the place is a little like a New England town, save that there is not the slightest trace of antiquity; there is more finish, and the edges are less jagged, the whole effect less rough, than in the average Western town of the same age. But the thing *par excellence* that differentiates the place from anything possible in the East is the eternal presence of the mighty range crowned by Pike's Peak, ever a pleasing sight for wearied eyes to rest upon.

Rugged and sterile though these mountains are, and dried up and barren as are the plains that roll in boundless stretches towards the east, there is a breadth in the distances, a magnificence in the stern grandeur, that almost takes the place of Eastern verdure, variety, and wealth of coloring. The Peak, which at first seems almost justly called "a giant

ash-heap," on closer acquaintance develops beauties all its own, — a softness and delicacy in the purple shades that steal over its rough ridges, and now hide and now reveal its deep ravines, the cañons that seam its flanks. And when its top is covered with a mantle of snow, it stands glorified and ennobled, as though by the mercy, nay, by the sacrifice of heaven, it had been purified of all earthly grossness. Then too, of course, there are many other lesser sights that are foreign to Eastern eyes, — the quaint long-eared *burros*, sometimes with heavy packs, the carts with their clumsy brakes, whose handles stick up through the middle of the load, the rough cowboys, and ranchmen with their produce, in leather breeches and wide sombreros, and one wretched little Mexican dog without any hair, and with a hide like a rhinoceros. Another thing one gets used to only by degrees is the strange naming of the streets. Tejon St. (on which we live) is pronounced, I need not say, Tehón St., with short slurred *e*. A cross street near by is named St. Vrain, another Bijou, and then perhaps, after two or three English names, you run up against Cucharas or Huerfano (pronounced somewhat as if the first syllable, on which comes the stress, were spelt wharf, only shorter, *whoff* perhaps).

Thirdly, as to the people. There is almost every variety, from the cowboy above mentioned to the titled Englishman, often himself worse than a cowboy in dress and manners. However, I have seen also very attractive-looking specimens, some sick and

some well, and pleasant-looking Americans besides. I do not mean to give the impression, from mentioning only men, that there are not many pleasant women here; for in very truth there seem to be a great number, of whom I have met a few. And when the other Sunday I met two of the fairest of them, in the midst of a bevy of others less fair whom I did not know,—ah! well, alackaday! they knew me not! And yet again was my spirit vexed when my first invitation was delivered to my mother for her “younger son, Harry.” *O tempora! O mores!* when will they change! And so gradually and lastly to come more particularly to my noble self, and what I do. A large part of my time I spend on our south piazza, lazily reading, writing, or thinking,—basking in the sun and air, and approximating my life as closely as possible to that of a vegetable, in accordance with my own inclinations and the advice of the above-mentioned learned physician, who tells me my chief duties are to keep in the open air, sleep, eat, and drink as much milk as possible, and for the present be content with a very moderate amount of exercise,—a walk or occasional drive,—all of which duties, by the help of a good appetite, natural indolence, and other constitutional excellences, I accomplish with great ease, and much to my own satisfaction. The life is rather monotonous, (except as it is varied by exciting news from elections or otherwise, or letters such as those from the Pool,) but I get a very real pleasure from the mere laziness of it, from the satisfaction of bare physical wants and from the comfort-

able (not to say unusual) feeling that I am neglecting no duty and incurring no blame withal. Don't you envy me such life, O Whale and Secretary myrmidons of the great metropolis? By and by I expect existence to be more varied, when I can get regular rides in the saddle. Perhaps by the time of the next Pool letter I shall be taking a daily canter, one day towards the Range, to Manitou and its springs, or to the Garden of the Gods; the next, to some one of the many cañons that are within easy riding distance and display all the peculiarities of Rocky Mountain scenery to perfection, then eastward to the Bluffs, whence you can look either out over the broad prairies, or back towards the Range over a foreground of *mesa*, ravine, or foothills; finally, perhaps, up Mt. Washington, and like the King of France down the other side, and so off on to the rolling plains for a wild gallop with nothing to check me but the fear of having my horse put his foot into a prairie-dog's hole.

Till then *vale*, — or is it *valete*?

H. E. G.

P. S. by S. C. G. — *Dog* described = Chinese, not Mexican.

TO L. E. OPDYCKE.

COLORADO SPRINGS, Dec. 6, 1884.

DEAR OP, . . . Won't it be possible for you by and by to run out here? My mother expects to go home soon after Christmas, and then we could put

you up most delightfully, and have a fine Bachelor's Hall. Ponder that idea a little. Then I have a wild scheme, — a hope that in March perhaps we could go together to California and see Sam. This is not really a hope for me, though, for our lease here runs to April 24, — but why should not you do it? You ought to see something more of your native land before going abroad again. The mountains here would make a very interesting contrast to anything you could see in Switzerland. Charlie yesterday went up among them with a new-made acquaintance whose family are our next-door neighbors, a Colonel Kittredge (recently candidate for the State Legislature) who owns a large ranch (one thousand head of cattle) some fifty miles from here, beyond Pike's Peak. C. has seemed very well since we have been together, better physically, and much more amiable and witty than I ever remember him before. The life in this Western country suits him, the intercourse with unconventional people, and the freedom from the irksomeness of civilization. He is to stay with Colonel Kittredge on his ranch till Christmas probably, and it is a capital thing for him to get such a chance of seeing and having a share in real ranch life with a man who is so intelligent, honorable, and successful as his host. The invitation was characteristic of the manner of life and customs out here. Colonel Kittredge, having come down from his ranch for a day or two, came to ask permission of us to use our yard for putting in coal into his shed, and entered into conversation with me, and then with my mother,

who appeared on the scene, told us about himself and family, (apologized for Mrs. K.'s not having called on the ground of her having a sick boy,) asked where we came from, said that he himself was born in Portland, and, learning that C. was interested in ranch life, proposed immediately that he should go back with him the next day to his ranch.

Mesa is the Spanish for little plain or plateau, I imagine. At any rate, a *mesa* is a flat stretch of country, bounded on all sides by valleys with rather steeply sloping sides, varying in extent from a few acres to many square miles, — a very common formation here near the bases of the mountains, apparently made by water-courses cutting furrows through the flat plains. The *mesa* on which this town is built is rather unusually regular in shape, and is about three miles long N. and S., by two miles wide.

I want to correct your misapprehension about the blank verse to "My Lady." It was not at all intentionally addressed to my sister K., and hardly fits her (at least *as yet*), though perhaps the lines were partly suggested by her nickname "My Lady." The idea of the thing came to me very quickly, as I think I told you, one day when I was walking down Bourne Street. At any rate, I did not have K. in my mind as the girl described, though it is perhaps hard to eliminate all influence (possibly unconscious) from her. We are still having glorious sunny weather here, with very few disagreeable days, and those that we have had are not at all bad for well people, — in fact, are very much like weather you have often rejoiced in at the East.

But I am more rejoiced by this almost uninterrupted sunshine, which makes it possible to spend a large part of every day on this sheltered piazza where I am writing. The wind occasionally is rather strong, and raises a good deal of dust, but my mother and I have driven twice on beautiful still days, — the last time to Manitou, and up one of the gulches to an Iron Spring picturesquely situated. Most of the way it was so warm that I did not need an overcoat, and the early part of this week (December!) an overcoat in walking would have been very oppressive. I am gaining gradually but steadily, and I feel much better and stronger, am said to *look* better than I have done for a year or more, and no one would take me for an invalid (which I am *not* in any sense) or for anything approaching one. I am not yet allowed to do anything which appreciably quickens my breathing, so that horseback riding or active exercise is still out of the question. I walk with moderation as much as I care to.

Ever yours,

H. E. G.

TO HIS SISTER.

COLORADO SPRINGS, Dec. 12, 1884.

DEAR KATHARINE, — Many thanks for your letter of December 1st. I am proud to be able to inform you that I have finished "Shirley," — many weeks ago now, too.

It is natural that you should find the French Revolution more interesting than the sober Puritan Revolu-

lution in England, though perhaps on a more profound study the latter would be found of more lasting importance and permanent consequence to us of the English-speaking race. But the French Revolution seems to be at once the cause and effect of much more wide-spread results, and certainly has been treated as a convulsion which gave a new start to ideas, political, moral, and intellectual, though again it may be doubted whether the actual uprising of the French was not rather a parallel incident in a great movement, begun before it began, than the cause of it all. If you have any spare time, you will find De 'Tocqueville's *Ancien Régime and the Revolution* (which is in the house) most interesting and suggestive reading on the whole subject. . . .

This morning the sun has come out clear and beautiful again, after a day or two of snowy weather. On the whole, this week has been rather gray and cold, and we have proved very fully that it is perfectly easy to live in this snug little house with comfort, by the help of our wood fires and the wood stove in my room. I have not caught the least cold, nor suffered at all from the weather, so far as I can see.

Your affectionate brother,

HARRY.

TO THE "POOL."

EL PASO CLUB, COLORADO SPRINGS,
Jan. 15, 1885.

DEAR POOL,—Behold the pitch of distinction to which I have attained, admittance to the only club in

Colorado Springs! However, let me not brag too much, for I am here as it were only by sufferance, holding a card granting privileges for a fortnight. If then I am allowed to become a "monthly member," well and good, — *aliter non*.

It is however an outward token of an inward change, I am proud to say, which enables me to do much more both socially and physically. In fact, the way I desert a comfortable seat by the fire (a pleasant, open wood fire at that) in favor of a tramp outdoors would surprise those of you who remember the difficulty with which I could be induced to take a walk at Cambridge when there was any other attraction whatever.

If any of you should hint, in furtherance of H. T.'s recent insinuations, that there might be a social as well as a physical object in my perambulations, I should content myself with an appeal to my well known reputation and character as a sufficient refutation of such baseless charges. And yet, when by pure accident I do meet acquaintances down town or up town, — the festive amazon on a horse or behind a horse, or the amateur photographer with his camera, — *sine dubio* there is a warming of the cockles of my heart more than that caused by sun or exercise.

With a larger acquaintance has come more opportunity for social enjoyment, and more invitations which I have to decline; for, as my doctor puts it, such pleasures ought to be for me occasional rather than habitual; if I am to make mistakes in the "conduct of life," — and of course I must, — my errors

should be on the side of too great laziness rather than of too great activity.

So books are still my principal solace, and I travel through a great many. Just now I am at work on Le Conte's Geology, varying it with Dr. Holmes's Life of Emerson, which I find very interesting. It is delightful to think of a partial reunion of the Pool in the persons of our New York members, and they ought to realize all the more strongly the duty that is thrust upon them of raising ever higher the reputation which their work is to sustain, until in ever-widening circles the applause, like ripples in a pool that rise in the centre, shall reach all shores. I would that we lazy ones could do anything to advance the common cause, but we can do little better than drop such pebbles of encouragement and good will as we possess into the Pool, to strengthen and reinforce the ripples. And so shall all our wavelets unite in harmony. *Nulla discordia in Poolo.*

Adieu,

H. E. G.

TO HIS FAMILY.

COLORADO SPRINGS, Jan. 25, 1885.

Yesterday I heard from Sam Gilbert, from Tucson, where they had been for three days, making a halt at an altitude half as great as Silver City, N. M., whither they are bound. He writes bravely about himself, and says he stood the journey very well, and that his mother even thinks he looks brighter. But he is

evidently very feeble,—a flight of stairs being a mountain to him.

Laurence Minot turned up yesterday morning, and spent the day with us. In the afternoon he succeeded in finding a room about a block away, and promptly moved from the Antlers. Last evening he and Charles went to the Opera House to see "The Creole."

February 18.

Charles returned yesterday from an inspection of ranches on the Divide. Peterson's struck him, as did all that country in general, as too bleak and with too little shelter, though well watered and having good grass.

Soon after Charles appeared, as he and Laurence and I were sitting round a cheerful fire in the parlor, who should come in but Mrs. Adee and Miss Curtis. They inquired about you, dear Mamma, and your departure from Denver, and Charles answered their questions satisfactorily. Then Mrs. Jermain, passing by, was attracted by Mrs. Adee's signals from the window, and she came in too, so that we held quite a levee,—and there were we three young and susceptible bachelors subjected to the assaults and charms of three ladies! I do not know whether Mrs. Adee expected to find us weeping such deluges as to put out the fire, but at any rate she commented as if with surprise on the fact that we were sitting about a blazing wood fire, and talking cheerfully at that! In fact, you see our grief for your departure is too deep to be manifested in tears.

TO R. W. G. WELLING.

COLORADO SPRINGS, March 24, 1885.

DEAR AIK, — You do well indeed to “have a feeling” that you have not written me for an age. I wrote you a letter before Christmas, to which I have never had an answer! Yours of January I forwarded to Sam, putting a “return” on the envelope as on this, — a precaution I have taken on all recent Pool letters, sometimes varying it by making the “return” to you. Perhaps that letter, if missing, will turn up yet from Silver City.

I shall try and brace up to writing my Pool letter for this month this week, but shall wait if possible to find out whether Sam leaves Deming or not.

Dr. Reed told me yesterday he had been unable to find a suitable house for them here. He gave me to understand that he had rather recommended their returning to Milwaukee.

Dr. Reed refused to examine me, — wants to put it off as long as possible. I doubt if he will do it until next autumn. He tells me it can't make any difference to me whether I know what I can do next winter or not. Wants me to keep house here till June 1st, and then go to the Park for the summer.

I am doing finely, and enjoying life, riding, driving, etc. But let me urge Op's warning on you and H. T. most strongly. When I see what this sort of thing leads to, apart from the sheer loss of a year or so, — the useless, aimless existence of most of the men here, — I shudder.

Such a very little trouble induces such lazy living.
I am sure the Pool has examples enough already.

Please remember me to your family.

In great haste,

H. E. G.

Harry had a great desire to visit his friend Sam Gilbert, and he thought over at various times possible plans for going to California and for joining him on the slow homeward journey. But when he suggested going to Deming to Dr. Reed, he at once vetoed the plan, telling Harry that he would probably lose all the gain of the winter. Mr. Opdycke did take the long journey from New York to give what help and comfort were in his power to his friend and to the distressed family. His letters to Harry were a great solace. The end came at Deming, April 3, 1885.

TO MISS BESSIE COLT.

COLORADO SPRINGS, April 12, 1885.

MY DEAR MISS B. C., — On a Sunday morning such as this, it seems easy to believe in the permanence of all things beautiful and good; our higher, truer natures assert themselves, and make us feel how petty and trivial our every-day doings and thoughts are, and how eternal and immutable are love and the true life of the soul.

A true friendship such as Sam's for us is severed by death because of our insensibility, but yet we know it still lives, and even amid daily cares it will often be a help and an encouragement towards a right course, or will deter us from doing what we know would have displeased him. And when we do pause to think, and our thoughts turn back towards him, what an example we have, — of purity, of high-mindedness, of noble disinterestedness and unselfishness!

I cannot so much regret as you do not having seen Sam in these last days and months, much as I longed to do all I could for him. I would rather have my memory of him in health, undimmed by the traces of disease. Perhaps you will say this is selfishness, and I fully recognize in myself a tendency to submit much too easily to the inevitable. It is for this reason that I ought to be the one to offer comfort to you. I wish I could, but you know it is not my nature to be fluent in expressions of sympathy. My greatest consolation is the thought that Sam did not consider me unworthy of his love, and surely you have that as well as I. It makes me less distrustful of myself to think that he could have been so constant in his belief in me.

I have thought much of Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert, and am relieved to think that they are again at home and still have Miss Sherwood with them. You will no doubt have later news than I can give you by this time. Miss Sherwood wrote me from Kansas City that they expected to reach Milwaukee on the even-

ing of April 8th, while Robert Callahan was to take the body to Gilbertsville, and the ceremony would be postponed till the anniversary of the burial of Sam's twin sister.

How little did we think, as we stood by her grave on that summer's afternoon nearly two years ago, that the same earth would so soon receive Sam's body! I like to think of that peaceful place, and of the repose of which it is a symbol. "After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well." It is not for him that we can mourn, useful and honorable as his life must have been, but for ourselves, and more than all for his poor parents. I fear that the blow will crush his father and mother, as you do. . . .

I think my sorrow has been somewhat blunted by the long preparation for it, and I know too well that such a loss, to me like that of another brother, though hard to realize fully at first, makes itself felt more and more as time wears on and the opportunities come and go untaken. I wish I could give you more fully the active sympathy that I feel you must crave.

Very sincerely yours,

H. E. G.

TO MRS. JOSEPH T. GILBERT.

COLORADO SPRINGS, April 24, 1885.

MY DEAR MRS. GILBERT, — I must begin by thanking you for your letter, which touched me much, and for the enclosed letter of Mrs. Denny's.

To hear of such loving care and tenderness in others does indeed emphasize our own sense of loss. Yet at the same time it must make us rejoice too in seeing how wide was Sam's influence, and how many lives he turned towards all right and noble ways of living.

I am glad that I am privileged to feel that his influence on my life was not alone the unconscious one of his example and companionship, but also the direct and conscious influence of love and thoughtfulness for me. And so I can but feel how characteristic it was of him to have had it upon his mind to make some provision by which I should have a lasting memorial of him; and because it was so characteristic, it will be doubly precious. . . . I need not say that whatever you decide upon to send will have a value for me that it is hard to exaggerate.

I have been delayed a little in answering your letter because of a change in my plan of life, of which I think you will be glad to hear. Since my brother has been settled upon his ranch (under most favorable circumstances) I have found housekeeping by myself a little solitary, — though the friends I have made here are very kind in every way, and help me to feel the separation from home less and less as I know them better. At Dr. Reed's suggestion I have joined another patient of his, who lives with his adopted sister, Miss Price, and her friend, in this pleasant house where I am now staying. Mr. Kissel is from New York, and has been here all winter for his health. He is not yet so strong as I am, and no

doubt it will be a good thing for me to be held back a little in my desire to be as active again as when in good health, — for really now I feel much like my old self.

We shall be here (the address is No. 3 S. Wahsatch Avenue) until the middle of May, and Kissel and I plan to go together to Manitou Park on the first of July.

With many thanks for your letter, and the warmest remembrances for all your household, believe me

Very faithfully yours,

HENRY ELIOT GUILD.

TO HIS SISTERS.

COLORADO SPRINGS, May 26, 1885.

DEAR GIRLS, — You have been very good in writing to me, and I owe you for a lot of letters which I have been very glad to get. Since the weather has improved, and I have been riding every day, I have found it particularly hard to write regularly. Now I mean to give up this afternoon to it, as it is overcast, and threatens to rain at any moment. I owe letters to Laurence Minot too, and just got one this morning from the Yosemite, which he seems to be enjoying very much. . . . I wish you could see me riding, — sometimes alone, more often with a companion, lately Kessler or Meredith, but invariably accompanied by the black and curly-haired Roger. I don't remember whether I have mentioned him before or not. He is a dog Kissel bought for Miss Price, — a puppy about

six months old. . . . Tell Mamma, in answer to her inquiries about Denver, that in many ways I like the city much; the fact that the men as a general thing have something to do, instead of being idle invalids, gives an entirely different atmosphere to the place. I think I could live there very contentedly, as Mrs. Adee seems to be doing. Her rooms are pleasant, and she has made many friends. I doubt if Denver is quite as healthy a place as this to live in, owing to the huge smelters at Argo; they use vast quantities of phosphorus, and when the wind blows from that quarter the smoke clouds are said to be very disagreeable.

I like Miss Price more and more. She is very active-minded and thoughtful, as well as sympathetic and vivacious, and enthusiastic enough to suit you, Eleanor.

I am always glad to hear of your enthusiasm for your music, and of your increasing success at it. I am delighted to hear, K., of your drawing lessons at the Art Museum, and have no doubt you will soon get that accuracy which I have pressed on you so much.

Mackenzie's "Nineteenth Century" I have always thought very interesting, and it must be first rate to study it with Miss Ireland. Quite a contrast to the French Revolution, is it not? I do very little reading now,—in fact, find it almost hard to keep up with the Nation and other papers. The other day it was delightful to have Joe Balch and Allen Curtis drop in on me so unexpectedly, and it was a great pity Joe

had to go off so suddenly that I could see very little of him. He looked splendidly strong and well, and I much envied them both their active, useful lives.

I wish you could see the Peak now, with the afternoon shadow and sunlight on its snow, a bright cloud behind it, and Cameron's Cone almost black under the shade of a heavy cloud above. The clouds make the mountains very different from their winter appearance, and add much to their beauty.

Your affectionate brother,

HARRY.

TO MRS. JOSEPH T. GILBERT.

COLORADO SPRINGS, June 3, 1885.

MY DEAR MRS. GILBERT, — Your letter, with the "Destiny of Man," came a day or two ago, and gave me much pleasure. I am particularly glad to get Mr. Fiske's book, for, though I have seen it before, my attention has just been called to it again, and I have been wishing for a chance to read it more thoroughly. It is referred to in an article in the *Century* for May, by Mr. Munger, on Immortality and Modern Thought, which I think you will find very interesting if you have not yet read it.

As you supposed, I shall soon change my quarters for the summer, going some twenty-five miles up into the mountains, to Manitou Park. It is higher by fifteen hundred feet than this place, and correspondingly cooler. Already we are having pretty steadily hot weather here, which makes us feel that the summer

has really come. However, the heat is by no means oppressive; we still wear our winter clothes, and I am able to get my ride on horseback regularly every day. I have bought a young horse, and find great interest and pleasure in getting him accustomed to my ways of doing things.

He is very sensible and learns easily, so that it is almost as good as having a companion to ride him alone. Usually, however, I find some one else to go with, whether it be for a canter on the prairie, or a ride up into some cañon or along a mountain side.

Now that the trees are in full leaf, and the grass is really green on plain and mountain, as well as along the banks of the creeks, the landscape is much more beautiful, and the contrast more striking with the snow on the peaks.

The town itself, too, has really become very pretty, with the long rows of cottonwoods lining the straight streets, and the water babbling along the sides in the irrigating ditches.

At Manitou Park, where I expect to go soon after the middle of this month with Kissel, who is living with me now in this boarding-house, life promises to be very pleasant. Many of the families whom I know best at the Springs have had cottages built for them there, close to the hotel, where we shall all take our meals. Kissel and I have taken a little two-room log-cabin, where we shall have a certain amount of independence.

Life there will be even more untrammelled than it is here, and we shall get the fullest possible ben-

efit from the pure mountain air. Yet it will not be entirely without society, which, I am convinced, is necessary for me.

In that respect Colorado Springs is singularly fortunate; not only are there many pleasant people here for a short time, as I am, but there are several families who have definitely settled here and made homes, so that there is more stability than is common in places that are merely health resorts. I realize more fully what a difference this makes, now that I am able again to lead so natural a life as I do. I accomplish so much, and feel so well, that sometimes it seems almost absurd for me to be doing nothing here, for really I do not even read much now, but spend all my time outdoors.

But of course I realize fully the importance of making doubly sure of each step gained, and trust implicitly to Dr. Reed's wisdom. I rather expect that he will consider it best for me to be here another full year, and I am vaguely making up my mind to another winter (which will doubtless be pleasant enough) with as much philosophy as I can, at the sacrifice of home interests and ambitions.

For the present, however, the summer with its pleasures and delightful life is enough to look forward to.

Ever sincerely yours,

HENRY ELIOT GUILD.

TO HIS FATHER.

COLORADO SPRINGS, Friday, 12 June, 1885.

DEAR PAPA, — As I wrote Wednesday, Charlie's and my letters missed each other, so that I found no one to meet me at Elbert when I arrived there, Tuesday morning. However, I easily got a team to carry me over, and I had a chance to look at C.'s quarters before he himself appeared. The dug-out is not so much of a dug-out as I had expected to find it. It stands up above the ground all round, so that there is room enough for a small window at the back; it seemed warm and not uncomfortable. C.'s own house was in a state of disorder, as I might have expected. The roof, even, was not entirely shingled, as it would have been if I had not arrived till Thursday, when he asked me to come. There was all-sufficient ventilation without opening windows, but all the house below the eaves is lined with tarred paper, and so is tight enough. When finished, it will be very pleasant; it is well placed and commands a lovely view of the creek bottom, with its green grass and deciduous trees, of the more distant Butte with evergreens scattered about, of Pike's Peak in the distance at the end of the valley to the right (and west), and of the corrals, barns, and sheds about the dug-out just below in front.

In the afternoon we rode about together, I taking it easy, while C. cantered off after this bunch of cattle or the other, salting them as he went. Then we rode

up the Butte, from which the view is superb, and over to the Bijou Bluffs and valley, which C. described in his letter to Mamma. The prairie which makes up the range seems like high upland, and is beautiful, with its good grass and fine views of the distant mountains. I should grow very fond of the country if I lived there, I know. We saw an antelope and divers rabbits. The next morning's drive to Elbert was superb; from the tops of the hills, Pike's Peak and the ranges to the north, with Gray's and Long's Peaks, are very fine. I slept extremely well in C.'s tent, and found his grub very good; for dinner, boiled beef, tomatoes, and peaches; for supper, ham and eggs, good bread, and peaches; for breakfast, eggs again, and apple-sauce. On the whole, he seems to live well, to enjoy himself, and to be really strong and well. I did not get at all tired, and am now very busy, riding, driving, etc., in these last days before going to the Park.

H.

TO MISS E. T. BULLARD.

MANITOU PARK, COL.,

July 2, 1885.

MY DEAR ELLEN, — Mary's note of June 25th gave me much pleasure, and I wish you would thank her for it when you write. I am very glad that she has such a delightful summer to look forward to. Doubtless you rather envy her. I was especially pleased to get John's address, and have just written him a long letter, and so you see I am inspired to answer yours

of May 11th, which has certainly had to wait for too long a time. It deserved much better treatment, and was very welcome at the time. It seems to me there have been a good many social excitements of late, with the Harvard days on top of the Appleton double wedding and the Peabody wedding at Salem, to which I suppose you went. Out here all social excitement for me has come to an end for the present with departure from Colorado Springs. The last part of the time there was rather gay, and we even had a very pretty lawn party, with "tea and tennis," which reminded me decidedly of home. Here social life, though very pleasant, is most uneventful. I wonder whether you would enjoy it. One part of it you would enjoy, — a daily ride on horseback, usually off the roads, and sometimes without even a trail to guide us. This morning we were gone three hours, — a party of four of us, Dr. and Mrs. Adams, Miss Brinley, and I, — following first a trail that led up through the pine woods to the top of the "divide" between the Park and West Creek, the next valley, and then down along a narrow gulch, following the course of the brook, on a path just wide enough for the horses' feet, worn out of the side of the hills and winding now up and now down, close to a tree on one side and a rock on the other, perhaps stepping over a fallen log at the same time. It is rather different from riding on Beacon Street, or even on the Manchester roads.

But it is exhilarating, and if you can trust your horse rarely disagreeable. Sometimes to go down a

steep slope over masses of fallen timber is not exactly pleasant. But then, in all the gullies and ravines there are the prettiest wild flowers,—roses, geraniums, primroses, shooting-stars, and the most superb purple and white columbines. In the cañons near Colorado Springs the columbines are a brilliant yellow, ranging to white, and are most beautiful.

My horse is just four years old, well bred and decidedly good-looking, strong and with lots of life in him. His trot is good and his canter delightful. Most of the time that we are not riding we are loafing, to use a vulgar but expressive word, sometimes with the help of a book or paper, sometimes of conversation. I spend a good deal of my time, too, in playing whist,—a game of which there are many devotees here. But I think I am beginning to find even whist twice a day a little too frequent. The Park is very pretty, the air is delightful, and the life here is very easy and untrammelled. We men wear flannel shirts all day and every day, and gain health and strength from the regular exercise, huge appetites we get thereby, and lazy, comfortable life. Please give my love to your mother.

Your affectionate cousin,

HENRY ELIOT GUILD.

TO L. E. OPDYCKE.

MANITOU PARK, Sunday, Aug. 23, 1885.

DEAR OP, . . . You can easily imagine how delightful it is to have my father and sister out here

with me. Just at present my father is away from the Park on a driving journey of two or three days across the Range. He was very lucky to have a chance to go with a pleasant ranchman (Van Kleeck of New York) and his wife. They have been here for a visit of a few days, and were returning home. Fred Stimson (who is taking his vacation out here to see his cousin Kissel) was also of the party, and will come back with father by rail via Leadville, — thus seeing much fine scenery.

We shall stay here another ten days and then have a week or more in the Springs before making another visit at Charlie's ranch, whence they return home. My sister takes to the life very kindly, has already become intimate with two of the pleasantest girls, and she plays on the piano a good deal, to my great satisfaction.

The rainy season, which has been very persistent, is at last coming to an end, we hope.

. . . Let me know your address and a little about your plans.

Ever yours,

H. E. G.

TO MISS C. H. GUILD.

COLORADO SPRINGS, Sunday, Oct. 11, 1885.

DEAR CHARLOTTE, — It was very kind of you to write me again, when I had never answered your long and most welcome letter of July 13th. I am very glad to hear that you have had such a pleasant

and successful summer, and that your mother is so well.

Of course it was a great pleasure to me to have Papa and Eleanor out here this summer, (and their visit was a great success for them,) and in a sense I was much disappointed not to be able to go back with them: but you know my mind resigns itself rather too quickly to the inevitable, and besides that I have made so many real friends here that life is full of interest and my thoughts are fully occupied,—a great contrast to last winter.

I am to all appearance perfectly well, except that I still cough a little, and have given up all invalidish ways, and do pretty much, in fact entirely, what I please. I ride two or three hours in the morning, walk perhaps two hours in the afternoon, making calls or doing errands, and then am ready to go out to a dinner or to play whist in the evening. Of course really there are very few dinners to go to, and as a general rule I spend the evening quietly at home, or make a call at some house where I am on familiar terms.

We expect in a week or two to be settled permanently for the winter in this pleasant boarding-house, where we shall have a "mess" of eight bachelors, — all of us good friends and sufficiently congenial, with enough diversity in tastes and age to prevent monotony.

I think I remember writing to you of Miss Price, when I lived in Mr. Risley's house with her brother by adoption, Kissel. The latter and I are on much the

same footing as college chums, and Miss Price treats me much as she might another brother, — or, to give you a clearer idea, much as Flora has always treated me since we have really known each other. As she is a charming girl (about Flora's age) you can easily imagine how delightful this is for me, — and not merely delightful either, but most improving, for she has given me many a lesson unconsciously in unselfishness, sympathy, and never-failing cheerfulness.

I have come to believe much more in all these things than when I last wrote you, from having such an example before my eyes, and from seeing how much thoughtfulness and consideration were called up in myself to supply her needs; for she is a great invalid, though she has made wonderful progress since I first knew her.

I think too you were right in thinking that it was only a "phase" I was going through when I last wrote: I exaggerated my feeling as to the prevalence of cold calculation.

In medio tutissimus ibis, — there is certainly an extreme on the other side, as you have pointed out, where people get deadened and their interests blunted, through a sacrifice of their noblest ambition to the small details of well-doing for others. I am afraid that I know of no book that treats the subject. I am just at present continually getting disgusted with myself, my abominably superficial acquaintance with names of theories, names of books, and names of men, without the *knowledge* of the men, books, and theories themselves.

Alas! I am no philosopher. I am too much of an amateur, a *dilettante*, in everything. Even my law I am forgetting, but that I am planning to review this winter. This life is most delightful and enjoyable, but often I get impatient, and long to be at work again and accomplishing something.

Write me about Flora and your mother, the Aunts and Rose, and all your home interests.

With much love, ever, your affectionate cousin,

HARRY.

TO HIS FAMILY.

COLORADO SPRINGS, Oct. 15, 1885.

DEAR ELEANOR, — I enclose programme of a concert we had here night before last. You can see how much more interesting it was made for me through familiarity with three of the pieces owing to your playing. I did not like the way Sherwood played either the Ballade or the Polonaise.

Miss Orr played the Godard Mazurka very well, but not so well as you do, old lady. So Miss Price also desired me to tell you, and she sent her love.

We all enjoyed the concert, but I was decidedly disappointed in Sherwood, so fearfully *bangy*, and such tremendous exaggeration of contrast of light and shade. The 'cello solo was the most delightful thing, and the violinist also was very good.

At Mrs. Hagerman's afternoon *Musical* the same people played, and then I liked best Sherwood's rendering of Chopin's Nocturne in C minor, which

he played with delicacy. He can play so, if he only wants to.

Mr. Cook has returned from his visit to the ranch, and he advises me to wait another ten days before making my visit to Charlie, as the little house is not finished. The weather may then be more settled. Monday was cold in the early morning, but it warmed up into a perfect Colorado day. I drove Miss Price into the North Cheyenne Cañon, and it was perfectly lovely there, with the changing leaves, pure water of the brook, and occasional little patches of snow in the shadow.

Yesterday, after making calls with G. K., I dined at Mrs. Carpenter's, and had a delightful time. She was as bright and charming as ever, and Mr. Carpenter seemed particularly well. . . .

November 7, 1885.

DEAR PAPA, — We have a fine day again after the bad weather, which drove me from Elbert and reconciled me to my short stay with Charles. I caught no cold there, notwithstanding a certain amount of exposure and am feeling very well.

Yesterday afternoon Mr. Cook gave me an excellent chain of title deeds, patents from the United States, etc., and I think we may feel perfectly safe that the title to the ranch is all right. I have not yet finished making out the mortgage; it almost invariably takes the form of a trust deed here, — a very convenient form for us. I shall make it for three years, and consider the second place an investment

of mine till Charles sells it. After I have had another talk with him, I will try to send you an intelligent plan of the ranch, and his accessions actual and proposed.

Knapp has arrived, and we are settled in our new rooms. Mine are delightful, with sun all day.

This morning I was weighed in my riding costume and found that my weight was one hundred and fifty-two pounds, — a clear gain over my one hundred and forty-three in the summer.

January 19, 1886.

DEAR MAMMA, — Your letter of January 14 came yesterday, and to-day I find in my box K.'s Sunday letter of the 10th with Papa's addition, — the first time my letters have been twisted by the mails, though they have been delayed before. Now we are told that the blockade is finally raised, and to-day our weather has suddenly changed, one of those curious warm west winds blowing such as you will remember. Last night the thermometer (by our self-registering thermometer) dropped to -7° , at eight o'clock it was only 2° above; at half-past ten it was 47° , and it has stayed there all day, and is now, 9 P. M., about 40° .

The snow has vanished in a way that seems particularly wonderful after the persistence with which it has hung on during the cold days. I am glad of it, as we were all getting tired of zero weather. I think it was partly owing to the weather that I caught cold, and slightly increased my cough. Dr. Reed

prescribed quinine, and gave me a syrup to take, and I am all right again now, better than I have been for a fortnight, and shall certainly stay so with good weather. I am doing my best to be prudent, but it is much harder than it was last winter, when you were here and I knew almost no one. However, I think I succeed fairly well, and am not conscious of any special imprudence to which to attribute my recent cold.

I am much interested by what you write about St. Paul. My thoughts have been turning that way of themselves lately, owing to what Laurence M. has written me, as well about his experience of climate there as of your Boston weather. I will write to Harry M., and talk to Dr. Reed about it, and can no doubt arrange a visit there, at least, on my way home. Please thank K. for her letter, and tell her that I do remember very well seeing Booth in Richelieu with her and E. I suppose the latter is now in New York with the Wellings,—a visit that she will of course enjoy.

How did Papa's year turn out financially? Did he have any bad losses towards the end? I feel frightfully luxurious out here, and wish I could be less expensive. In the mean time I am trying to lead as natural a life as you could wish, as much in the open air as possible, and not without some intellectual exercise too. Perhaps this letter will reach you on Saturday, and you can keep the rest of it for the next day. Love to all.

Your affectionate son,

HARRY.

HYMN.

Perfect Love casteth out Fear.

Teach me to love Thee, gracious Lord,
To love with all my heart,
And let me feel thy love in me
Enliven every part.

As I can love thy creatures now,
Teach me to worship Thee,
Unseen, unknown, unknowable,
Yet needful still to me.

Teach me to make my love for Thee —
Who art the Eternal Good —
The light of all my daily life,
My joy, my spirit's food.

And may thy love instruct my soul
And fill me with thy grace,
That I may work for others' good
In every time and place.

Then perfected shall love become,
And, casting out all fear,
Shall bring me, free from sin and pain,
To Thee, my Father dear.

February 12, 1886.

DEAR MAMMA, — Your long letter of February 5th came on Tuesday, and was very welcome. A good deal of it touches on subjects to which I have been giving much thought lately. Obviously what you write about Cousin Lizzie Cabot's plans for the summer in the Adirondacks is largely for my benefit, in case I come home. Certainly it all sounds very attractive, and no doubt it would be an excellent place for me to spend part of my summer in.

But another part of your letter chimes in with my own feelings very nearly, — feelings that have been growing more and more earnest of late. I have grown very restless and impatient with my do-nothing existence, and feel anxious to get at some work, being tolerably confident that I could do a good deal now, after seeing how much I could accomplish on C.'s ranch. I have of course consulted Dr. Reed about it, and he says that I am well enough to work, and that he should not object to my taking hold. He vetoed, however, an idea I had entertained of offering my services to — here. He did not like the office or the work for me. Work in Colorado Springs, I have made up my mind, is practically out of the question. It is also out of the question, I am afraid, for me to think of work in Boston for some years (two or three at least) to come. So Dr. Reed told me, when I put the question to him blankly. There is no use in our trying to disguise the fact, however unpleasant it may be.

No doubt it is true in my case that it would not

be wise nor safe for me to enter on regular work in the East now, or six months from now, or a year from now. That being so, I cannot delay my start for two or three years, and consequently must make it in the West. Dr. Reed would object to my going to St. Paul, which he says is too hot and damp in the summer, and too severely cold in winter, with too much snow. He says my best chance is in Denver, though it is not so perfect a place for me as this is, as far as lungs go.

I have talked a little with Knapp about opportunities for work in Denver, and offices there. He recommends Mr. Wolcott's office strongly. Wolcott is counsel for the D. and R. G. Ry. and has a large practice. Knapp says he is very cordial and kindly, and would advise me, even if he could not give me a berth. It seems that other fellows in somewhat similar position to mine have gone into his office, getting a moderate salary for work in the mornings and first half of the afternoons. Of course it would be folly for me to undertake to do as much work as I did the last year I was at home. If, however, I could leave the office at four o'clock, and get a daily ride on horseback every afternoon, I think that perhaps the life would be better for me than the one I am leading now. I should have no temptation to go out in the evenings, and to consequent late hours, and I should live with great regularity.

It would, no doubt, mean that I could not get home in the summer, which I should much regret; but is not the saving of time a strong consideration,

especially in view of possible risk in any long stay in the East?

Of course you will consider this carefully, and I shall not be precipitate. If I find that you really object, I can give up the scheme and settle down again to this life with contentment, I suppose. Perhaps I should find my present restlessness only a temporary spasm.

I hope that Papa will have got the long letter I sent him, describing the ranch.

Miss Price is doing very well; I caught another glimpse of her on her upper piazza, sunning herself in a reclining chair, as I came in from my ride this morning. It's just possible that she may go back to New York in the spring, when she is well enough to make the journey.

Tuesday night I dropped in at the Carpenters' and had a very pleasant dinner. Wednesday night I played whist at Mrs. Inglis's. To-night I go to a dinner at Mrs. Brinley's (for Onderbridge, I believe). He is a friend of Kissel's from New York.

Max is in fine condition, and I have been much enjoying my rides this week.

February 17, 1886.

DEAR ELEANOR, — Your long and delightful letter of January 27th deserved a prompt answer. I was very glad to get the account of your visit to New York, and of my friends there. As you will have seen from my letters home, my time and thoughts have been pretty fully taken up in other directions.

What awful weather you have had in Boston! The winter must have been an unusually hard one, and it makes me feel more strongly the impossibility of my coming back to take up work again. It's pretty hard, isn't it? I am much more sorry for Papa and Mamma than I am for myself. I shall settle down after a while to the inevitable, with my usual phlegmatic serenity, I suppose, but that they should be left without a son at home is hard indeed. It's fortunate that Papa takes such comfort in his daughters. After all, as you know, the distance is not so very great that separates us, and we can still be a very united family in hopes and aims, as well as in our affection. When I go to Denver, (if I go,) I shall be among strangers again, and shall feel even nearer to you all than I do here. It has been getting more and more irksome to me that I should be leading this extravagant, pleasure-seeking life, while Papa was working steadily, and Charles was at least doing his best in making a start towards earning his living.

February 21, 1886.

DEAR MAMMA, — Your long letter of last Sunday, with Papa's addition, came on Friday. . . . Friday night came the Bachelors' Ball, for which I have been doing a good deal of work, taking time and thought. The night was superb and warm, moon full, and everything perfect. The result was that people turned out nobly, and we had, I think, fully one hundred and thirty people, — an unprecedentedly

large number. Dancing was in the Antlers dining-room and parlor (which was before that used for cards). The dresses were pretty, the decorations, over which we spent the afternoon, were effective, and the general effect was rather brilliant for this place, it seemed to me.

Bradford and I between us ran the thing, and there was no hitch to speak of. Everything went smoothly and seemed successful. I hardly danced at all, and came away at one, leaving Bradford to wind up at two o'clock, so I was not overpoweringly tired.

Yesterday, Onterbridge gave us a delightful little lunch at Knight's, near the gates of the Garden of the Gods. I drove Carr over in a buggy. Bradford came, and Kissel, of course, — *voilà tout*. The day was perfect, the drive just what I wanted, and I basked in the sun with much comfort. We got back in time for a pleasant little P. M. tea at Mrs. Metcalf's. To-day is again perfect.

I hear of J. S. Tebbets at Kansas City, — another promotion, no doubt. He gets on fast.

Your affectionate son,

HARRY.

CHAPTER V.

FOUR MONTHS IN DENVER. — RANCH AND ESTES PARK. —
ILLNESS. — RETURN TO COLORADO SPRINGS. — MARCH,
1886, TO JANUARY, 1887.

TO HIS MOTHER.

14 LA VETA PLACE, DENVER,
March 8, 1886.

DEAR MAMMA, — The first week of my life in Denver is over, and I am now beginning to feel pretty well settled in regular grooves. To-day I have begun taking my breakfast and dinner at Mrs. Sumner's, the boarding-house where Mrs. Adee lived. A distinct improvement on what I had here. The place has an excellent reputation, as one of the best boarding-houses in Denver.

At the office my work was very satisfactory. The first day I had to myself, as Reynolds, who has me in charge more or less, was away, as in fact he has been for nearly half the rest of the week. This gave me a chance to look over Colorado Statutes, read up the late volumes of Massachusetts Reports, and familiarize myself with the position of books in the office. The Library is a very fine one, much larger than I ever saw in any Boston office; complete sets of American Reports, and very full sets of English

Reports, with most of the current law periodicals and standard text-books. It has been really a great pleasure to me to get into the train of legal thoughts and methods again. The second day Mr. Pattison gave me a point of law to look up, and the next day gave me another, still more interesting, that occupied me for the rest of the week. It is just the sort of work I used to do for Mr. Shattuck, and, as far as I can see, I am just as able and as well qualified to do it now as ever. After all, it's only after years of experience and practice that anything beyond the most general principles of law become distinct in the mind. Of course, with me now they are a little more hazy than they used to be; but for any point that is given me to look up, I have still the art of knowing how to go about it.

Saturday I had to go to the County Court-House and make notes of the papers of a case on file there. That's the sort of work I expect to do more and more, and I shall not object to being taken out of the office, and getting familiar with lawyers and other men, and with business methods here. Our offices are heated by steam, but are well ventilated and kept at a proper temperature. It's easy to do this, because the rooms are large and take up the whole floor, ranging on each side of a private entry or hall. I think I did not write of the invitation from Miss Bradford to spend Sunday at the Springs. I thought it rather soon to go down the very first Sunday, and so I declined. The result was that Kissel came up to see me, arriving soon after one. I lunched with

him, and then went back to the office till four, when he joined me, and, after doing some errands, came up here to my room, which he thought very pleasant. After a capital dinner at the Albany we wound up the eve at the Opera House.

Sunday we roamed about town and lunched together, and I saw him off at two on the train for Colorado Springs, as he wanted to get back in time for a ball that Mr. Touzalin gives to-night.

I will try to write Papa a financial letter with accounts of C.'s plans in two or three days, but I have a large correspondence to dispose of, and my evenings are short. Charles talks of coming to Denver the end of this week to see me, to buy fence wire, etc. I have never heard anything of Ilsley, though I kept my eyes open for him at the Springs, and Kissel is now on the watch for him. . . . I think I shall want most of my books before long, but I will write again about that. Good night.

Your affectionate son,

HARRY.

TO MISS E. G. PRICE.

14 LA VETA PLACE, March 12, 1886.

DEAR MISS PRICE,—Your delightful letter shall have a speedy answer. I had meant to write you this evening anyway, and only fear that I shall not remember all the many things I have treasured up to say to you. It was a great pleasure to see Fred last Sunday, and get all the good news about you

that your letter confirms. Somehow or other one gets a more real impression from seeing a person, asking questions, and getting them answered, than it's possible to get from a letter, — even yours. Sometimes you see I cannot help feeling a little bit alone, a little downcast at the long future before me, even though I am fully convinced that new interests will soon drive out its dreariness. Already I find my interest in the law questions I am at work on a strong one, and when they get to be a little more practical, — cases about which I have known from the beginning with all their “dramatic circumstances,” instead of abstract questions of law, — I am sure that I shall find them engrossing.

In one sense it's quite untrue to think of my life as a lonely one; it cannot be so long as every day I meet so intimately the men in the office, who are most of them men with whom it is a pleasure to have anything to do. I have established close relations with Reynolds by reason of common acquaintance with certain men we had both known at Harvard, and to-day it was very entertaining to have Mr. Parmelee break in on some anecdotes we were relating to tell us how he was expelled from boarding-school at Easthampton, as Reynolds had been also. If you could see Mr. Parmelee, you would understand the absurdity of it, — a man who looks much older than he is, with a general effect of repressed severity, — withal very kindly and possessed of much dry wit.

I have really been surprised to see how quickly my

thoughts have accustomed themselves to running in a legal groove. I wonder whether you will notice a difference when we meet again. It's exaggerated now, perhaps, by the fact that I have no time to turn them elsewhere; for in the evenings letter-writing such as I have been doing is not a distraction; not such as reading poetry or writing verses would be. Ah, me! I fear that little pastime is over for the present, — for a very long "present" too.

The Law my mistress is,
To her alone I bow;
To solve her mysteries
Is all my purpose now.

It ought to put an enhanced value on what I have already written, don't you think so? The time that I do have for thinking my own thoughts, and give over to day-dreaming as of yore, is when I am riding Max, and looking forward to each rise of ground that gives me a new view of the dear old Peak.

Then, of course, — that is, with me it is of course, — sometimes my thoughts turn to my future and I dream of advancement and successes; — a most wretched and unprofitable way of passing time, and not only that, but so abominably selfish, just as I used to be in the old years. I need to see you to keep me unselfish.

It is all well enough to make good resolutions, and I assure you I make them by the dozen; but what can be the use of dwelling on the possibilities or even the probabilities of their successful outcome, when that outcome concerns only, or most nearly,

one's self. There, now that I have confided my petty woes to you, I feel better, and hope that I shall *do* better in future.

I enjoy immensely thinking of you in that comfortable home, and surrounded by all the comforts, not to say luxuries, that you and Fred have described. It is all very well for a man to fight his way through the world, but I hate to think it is necessary for you; not that you are not abundantly able to protect yourself, but that you ought to receive protection from others.

To-morrow night I am going with Dr. Fisk to see "Carmen" given by the Mapleson company. I shall think of you very often, remembering how often we have talked about the opera, and how much you like it.

The other morning, when it snowed so heavily, I gave up going down town on finding that the horse cars were not running, and devoted myself to writing various duty letters, so that with steady writing every evening my mind is much relieved. I have relapsed into smoking a pipe after dinner while reading the paper, or the Nation, or the Albany Law Journal, and then I have a clear hour or hour and a half for writing. Before long I hope to be able to give that time occasionally to reading something else than ephemeral things. If I have my law-books sent out, it will give me a grand chance to review them (and a review of one's own notes is always better than reading any other person's text-book), — a chance I should never have made for myself in Boston.

How much does your study of the German language amount to?

Dr. Reed has his way again in keeping you out here for the summer; truly, he is a most successful autocrat. I need not say that I rejoice, not only for your sake, but selfishly too on my own account.

Please remember me to Miss Murphy, and say good-by to her again for me before she goes home.

If Miss Bradford may send me her love, surely I may return in kind with interest. Only keep much for yourself from

Your sincere friend always,

HENRY ELIOT GUILD.

TO HIS SISTERS.

14 LA VETA PLACE, DENVER,
April 15, 1886.

MY DEAR GIRLS,—I am going to fall back into my old habit, and write to you together again, trusting to your charity in allowing me to square off thus the many pleasant letters I owe you both.

You seem to fill up your time pretty well, both of you, and I verily believe that you lead as active and as much occupied a life as I do. I have been very much interested in hearing all about your doings and your interests, new and old. E.'s music must become more and more of a resource and pleasure, (I wish I could have a little of it sometimes,) and K.'s drawing and painting I am sure must have been successful as well as delightful to her. Some day or other I hope

to see the results. . . . K. asks about the rides here; in one sense they are much more varied, in another sense less so, than in Colorado Springs. Usually I stretch out to the east, and after a half-mile of streets, about as thickly settled as Jamaica Plain, get to the open prairie, where I can turn in pretty much any direction, around a half-circle, though there are some fences.

There is more cactus in places, and the soil is not so good, as near the Springs, — more of the adobe that cakes hard in drying. Then I can take city roads exclusively if I want to, or can reach prairie-like country to the west of the city by crossing numerous railroad tracks and the river, but there are more fences, and on the whole I have not found it so pleasant.

On Monday I drove out with Reynolds in the P. M. to Argo, where the Boston and Colorado Smelting Company's works are, and saw some of the processes of smelting and refining. They showed us bars of solid silver weighing 140 lbs. or so, and one bar of solid gold, worth they said \$40,000 and weighing 160 lbs. I can't say it made me feel very avaricious; it looks, as it is, too unattainable.

I sometimes wonder what the people in this boarding-house and the next think of me. They know that I am down town during the day; they see me go to ride almost every afternoon, (they all take an interest in that,) and then I don't doubt they wonder how I can spend evening after evening in my room, when I might go down to the general parlor in

No. 12, talk, play cards, or even dance occasionally. Then I think they do not quite make out my habit of going out for a ten minutes' stroll every night just before going to bed. Really it's to air my room thoroughly, but I fancy them imagining that I must have "just a drop" of something as a night-cap. However, let them wonder as they may, what care I?

It's time now for my "night-cap," so good night. Love to Papa and Mamma, and to you all.

Your affectionate brother,

HARRY.

TO MISS E. G. PRICE.

14 LA VETA PLACE, April 16, 1886.

DEAR MISS PRICE,— Do you realize that to-day is the anniversary of our first real meeting, — at lunch in the Risley House? This whirligig of time has brought us to the end of the first year of our acquaintance. I like to look back to those first days, and recall my earliest impressions of you. I remember the way you used to come into the parlor, — unexpectedly, often, and like a being from a different region, almost from another world. And sometimes you would come forward and shake hands, and sometimes not, just as it has always been. I rather like that, you know; it makes it less a matter of course, — rather the granting of a privilege, as it should be. Only I wish that the privilege might always be granted to me; it would not lessen my appreciation of it.

You have accused me of not remembering our first meeting, but I do remember well one thing about it: that somehow or other it happened that neither Fred nor Miss Bacon spoke quickly enough in introducing me, and that, with your usual readiness and graciousness, you came forward and said, "This must be Mr. Guild," and welcomed me as you well know how to do. But looking over my diary with reference to you, I find the most frequent notice is, "Miss Price played delightfully!" Is n't it pleasant to think that perhaps our earliest sympathy came through music?

Then came that Sunday, the first one after I went to live with Fred, when he had his hemorrhage and you tended him so helpfully and cheerfully. As I have told you before, you reminded me of my mother then,—and I could not pay you a higher compliment. I hope that I shall be with you again when the anniversary comes round of that day, and that we can pass Easter Sunday together. Remember that, if Fred needs your help less than he did a year ago, you have me always ready to take his place,—eager for all the encouragement and good cheer and sympathy you can give,—thankful for all that you have given.

And so an end to reminiscences.

This week I have had an excitement, if that is not too strong a word. On Wednesday I dined at the Club with Cuthbert (Scott Boyd being also with us through dinner), and much enjoyed meeting a man of kindred tastes, habits, and ambitions. Then we

went to the Cathedral and heard Gounod's *Messe Solennelle* well given by the large choir. I was in a very uncritical, appreciative mood, and enjoyed it all thoroughly.

Cuthbert goes to the Cathedral regularly for the Sunday morning service, and I think I shall try to go with him.

It is a comfort to come across a man who does not hesitate to talk about such things — I mean religious things — with directness and simplicity.

That same day I had a lively little episode with Max, who was full of spirit from lack of exercise. I hardly had got into the saddle when he started from the door here for the stable, half a mile away. I tried to stop and turn him, but succeeded only in making him plunge and kick until he landed me well up on his neck. I scrambled back into the saddle, and kept my seat during a rapid run to the stable. After I got my wind I continued my ride, and Max was as quiet as a lamb; but the moral is, I must ride him rather more regularly and farther. So you see I have another inducement to take enough exercise.

I shall have much to tell you about many things — the office, a new brief I have been working on and have almost finished, etc. — when I see you, but I will not write them now.

I am off for my evening stroll under the beams of

“The full-orbed maiden, with white fire laden.”

Good-by.

Always your friend,

HENRY ELIOT GUILD.

TO L. E. OPDYCKE.

14 LA VETA PLACE, DENVER,
May 2, 1886.

MY DEAR OP, — Your delightfully sympathetic letter did me a world of good; you could not have expressed better or more accurately my present position and feelings. . . .

You will want to hear something more about my life and work in Denver. The latter could hardly be better. I am in perhaps the best office in Denver, certainly the best in material ways, with fine library; reports from all States and Territories, all the U. S. Reports, Circuit and District Courts, all the important English Reports of this century and many earlier ones, the leading text-books, law journals, statutes, digests, etc., in all several thousand volumes. Then we have fine offices, large, high, well lighted and ventilated. I have a room all to myself. I have drawn two briefs, one for the U. S. Supreme Court, one for the Colorado Supreme Court, and both were accepted by my chief without correction, — “Send it to the printer!” — and now am at work on my second “Abstract of Record,” a condensation of the pleadings and evidence taken in a case for the Supreme Court, — rather tedious work, but excellent practice and instructive, as showing methods of examination, etc. Meanwhile I am getting the run of methods generally, and of the more important clients of the office. I still ride every day, and find my room and boarding-house comfortable. I am very well, thor-

oughly habituated to work again, and convinced that after all I stand a much better chance of getting ahead *here*, and being a good lawyer, than in Boston. I was delighted to hear such good accounts of you as came in your letters to *AIK* and me. I was beginning to be just a little anxious about you, though your mother had been extremely kind in sending me postals. Please thank her very much for them. All your descriptions are most welcome, and so are the little photographs.

By the way, if you and Charles Eliot should happen to come together, remember that he is perhaps my best-loved cousin. God bless you, old man!

Ever yours,
H. E. G.

TO HIS FATHER.

14 LA VETA PLACE, May 2, 1886.

DEAR PAPA, — We have another superb morning to-day, like all the weather this last week, clear sky and warm sun, yet not too warm; the buds on the trees have really started at last, the grass even on the plains is green, and on my rides I have heard the meadow-larks singing. It's at such times, especially on a Sunday morning, when I have not any work to call me down town, that I think longingly of home and all that I cannot have here.

However, I am going to church shortly, and in the afternoon shall get my ride, so that with letter-writing and reading there will not be much time left for

vain wishes or regrets. In my last short letter, I think I told you of last Sunday at Colorado Springs. I have been very unlucky in my weather there in both my visits. Last Sunday was thoroughly disagreeable, while two weeks ago or to-day the weather would have been perfect. But, after all, it is not to get good weather that I go there.

I am still very much in doubt as to how I shall spend my summer. It will all depend upon what arrangement I can make with Mr. Wolcott; or rather they both will depend on how I stand hot weather here.

Last Monday, after a morning at the office, I lunched at the Windsor with the Rotches. Their party numbers twelve. In the afternoon I drove Emily and Nanna to this place of mine, which they thought very pleasant, to Capitol Hill, and about generally. Dinner at the Windsor and Opera in the evening. The next day I joined their party for the Raymond excursion to Georgetown and Silver Plume. It was a beautiful day when we started, but it was too early in the season for Clear Creek Cañon to be specially interesting, — no green, no foliage, — and when we reached Georgetown we found a snow-storm and cold. The engineering on the railroad is rather wonderful and interesting, and I was very glad to get a definite idea of these mountain mining towns, and to see the way in which the sides of all the hills, even the steepest, are honeycombed with the shafts and tunnels of miners. We got back to Denver at seven o'clock, and, after supper together at the Union

Depot, I said good-by to the Rotches, who started at eight on their homeward journey. It was very pleasant to have seen so much of them as I did, and to learn all they could tell me about my old friends, whom they have seen. It's a great satisfaction to feel that, though I can't see them often, the friendship is still a reality to be counted on.

I sent my vote for Overseers to Boston yesterday, and was glad to have the help that the answers to the "Almy circular" gave. . . . I am very glad to get all your news, and should like occasional newspaper clippings now.

Your affectionate son,

HARRY.

TO MISS E. G. PRICE.

14 LA VETA PLACE, Sunday.

DEAR MISS PRICE, — What a glorious morning this is! It could hardly be more perfect, — the beauty of the spring-time is upon us! As I walked to church, I thought of Wordsworth's lines, —

"The holy time was quiet as a Nun
Breathless with adoration."

And far off the snow peaks gleamed in the sunlight, ethereal, pure.

I went to the little Unitarian Church to-day, and found myself much touched with the old familiar simplicity of the service, and especially by the hymns, which happened to be ones I knew well.

After all, old associations have great power, and though there were many things that jarred upon me,

there were also many things that appealed to me very strongly. I dislike (what would of course particularly impress you) the familiarity that *seems* almost irreverence, and yet there was a very real, true earnestness throughout.

The minister made one quotation that impressed me more than his sermon. — “Remember this, that he who loves you is growing like you.” I am profoundly convinced of the truth of this; we have talked about it, I think, in reference to the unconscious imitation of children for their parents and older people of whom they are fond.

It seems to me almost equally true of us who are older, — and what a responsibility it carries with it, what an incentive and encouragement it should be towards all right purposes and ways of living! It gives a so much higher reason for doing right than any mere personal benefit, in the good that right-doing will do to all who love us.

I wish that I might have more memories of church-going with you to look back upon; let us hope that some time we may go again together, on some such beautiful Sunday morning as this, — it is such a help in “fighting the good fight” to have the actual companionship of those who are dear to us. So much the more precious is that one evening when we did go together, and the service, I am sure, helped us both, gave us deeper and more earnest thoughts, and strengthened the convictions of each of us by the knowledge that the other’s were strengthened too. And so its memory is still precious and its

usefulness still lives. "It will never fade into nothingness," but will give us help until other like memories can take its place.

Tuesday, May 4, 1886.

I am in an egotistic mood to-night, and want to tell you of all that I have been doing, thinking, and feeling. I wish I could put it all into form as dainty as that of the little white lily that is before me, so that it could not help pleasing you, as that must.

How delicate, how charming, these fragile lilies are, as they spring from the dry, desolate plain! Would that it were possible for us to bring forth such lovely blossoms, when our lives are set in barren soil!

This afternoon I came upon many of them, and my spirits, that had been depressed by the heat and the dust, the petty cares of the actual way as well as of this journey of life, rose in triumph over such trivial annoyances.

Last night I looked over Henry IV. with great delight. I have always thought Hotspur rather too ungallant with his fair wife:

"And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate."

And yet how beautifully that single line is constructed, what a perfect rhythm it has, like so many others in the play and in that scene!

"Well, do not then; for since you love me not,
I will not love myself. Do you not love me?"

Hotspur's speech about the prisoners and the "certain lord, neat, trimly dressed" who came to him

“When the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,”

has always been a great favorite of mine; I remember spouting it at school with great *éclat*, taking special pleasure in the scorn of

“And but for these vile guns,
He would himself have been a soldier.”

Hotspur and I do not agree, however, where he says (Act III. Scene I.),

“I had rather be a kitten and cry mew
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers.”

Perhaps you would say we were more in accord when he tells Glendower,

“I’ll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.”

But hold, enough! I will not lengthen my quotations by any from the delightful scene in the last act of Henry V., where “Harry of England” takes by storm in bluff soldier fashion the heart of another Katharine; but do you not like it?

Lately my work has been in the Clerk’s Office of the Supreme Court, where all the papers are kept in the case of which I am making out an abstract of record.

It’s not a bad place to work, and except that I am writing steadily all day, with little mental effort, I do not mind it. The other day I was able to give the clerk some information about a horse-car line that comes near here, and in return got an account of his present troubles. He is about to change his house, the family having outgrown the one he is now

living in. He said that it was impossible for him on his salary to give more than twenty or twenty-five dollars a month, and that he wanted to get six rooms! Naturally he finds it hard to do, — and there was his wife, intelligent and refined looking, worn out and despairing after a fruitless search. How little we realize what struggles with actual physical want are going on around us, while we are nursing some pet misery, some chimera of the imagination! Yet after all I am not sure that, to a mind delicately constituted, the mental, if not the imaginative, worries are not worse than any physical pain can ever be.

The Bonnie Brook Restaurant, the delightfully home-like place where I get my lunch, has moved into new quarters, much pleasanter and much more convenient to the office. At the same time they have reduced the price of the regular lunch, so that in every way it is better, and I am correspondingly pleased, as I feared when they left their old quarters that they would go away too far for me to follow them.

The dear old Peak is growing steadily more beautiful as the sun sets day by day more to the north and lights up more and more its fields of snow; the other day, with the dark blue foothills beneath and the dark clouds above, it was superb.

This letter is a very fragmentary one, but at least it follows my mood and so complies with your wish, — as I would do in everything. Good-by!

Always your friend,

HENRY ELIOT GUILD.

TO HIS FATHER.

June 7, 1886.

. . . I rather shirked letters last week because of a cold that I ought to have thrown off at Colorado Springs, but did not, owing to a sharp change in the weather after my return. The rain lasted a day and a half; since then we have had fine weather, and I have been picking up again. Dr. Fisk has given me an excellent cough mixture, and I feel that I am in safe and competent hands. Work at the office has been easy. Yesterday I got a long drive with Fisk to North Denver and St. Luke's Hospital, and then along the Boulevard, and so on nearly to Argo.

June 16.

I fear I have let decidedly more than a week slide by without writing you, and am almost inclined to telegraph that I am all right and well.

I ought at least to have acknowledged the receipt of your check, which I found awaiting me on my return from Charlie's ranch, where I enjoyed Saturday and Sunday very much. I deposited the check to his credit, and it ought to carry him well into August. I will try to make up accounts for you on Sunday. You must have to use all your patience.

The portrait of Sam Gilbert came yesterday; it does not entirely satisfy me; such things rarely do; but taken all in all it seems to me very successful.

Monday I found Miss Sohier and Miss Prescott at the Windsor, and had a very pleasant dinner with

them. They had skipped ahead one party (omitting a week in San Francisco). The last Raymond party of the season is reported at Manitou to-day, — due here on Saturday. Probably the Brimmer party will spend Sunday at Manitou. I shall be on the lookout for them, and shall much enjoy seeing Cousin Cora.

At the office Reynolds is away for a fortnight, and I am doing his work of managing clerk; of course not easy to get hold of at first, but interesting and entirely different from what I have been doing, — more practical, and in many ways better for me.

Dr. Reed has been in town to-day, — State Med. Soc., — and I lunched with him. He entirely approves of my keeping on with my work, — of course prudently; so tell Mamma that she must not be uneasy about me. Thank her and K. for welcome letters.

Charles did take to Ilsley very much. In two days Ilsley had already done much work about the house. He took hold admirably, and did most of the cooking; very well considering his lack of experience. I warned him not to do too much. C. has his eyes out for a permanent cow-boy, but a good suitable one is hard to find. In the mean time he expects Jenkins back in a month or two. Cattle are doing finely, — grass very good, but still need of more rain. Charlie has been very busy with branding, ploughing and harrowing for millet, etc., with Georgia's help. I expect him here this week.

June 24.

Your letters come thick and fast,—Mamma's of 17th on Monday, in time for me to talk it over with Cousin Cora. I hope that, before you get this, Mamma will have seen her and been reassured by her about me. Certainly she was very encouraging to me.

Mamma's and your anxiety that I should take a vacation of course affects me a good deal; it could not make me think more carefully about it,—in fact I fear I think too much now,—but it adds another and important factor to the problem.

I shall finish out this month here. By that time Fisk will have examined my lungs, and other things will have happened.

Then I shall decide either to take a week's vacation with Charles, and come back to a new room on the hill, or else to say good-by for the summer (if not for good) to Mr. Wolcott, go to C.'s to stay until the middle or end of July, and then to Estes Park. Luckily I have not been quite so busy at the office the last two or three days, and have kept up with my work without any trouble.

It's a great thing to be on such friendly terms with Fisk, as it makes informal consultation very easy.

June 26.

You will probably be relieved to hear that yesterday I decided to give up work for the summer, and told Mr. Wolcott that I should leave him July 1st.

Many reasons led to this conclusion, not the least of which was your anxiety and insistence. Fisk examined me yesterday, and found some inflammation and slight moisture in the upper part of the right lung. Taking everything together, it seems unwise to run the risk involved in continued work.

Mr. Wolcott was very kind and friendly, and said he thought he could always find a place for me.

Address letters to Elbert. Feel well and tolerably brisk again.

COMANCHE CREEK RANCH, ELBERT,
July 3, 1886.

The change here from Denver is very delightful, as I had anticipated it would be. This morning there is a beautiful fresh breeze, and the air could not be more perfect. Charles says I could not have hit upon a better time for a visit, and he is ready to keep me until the end of the month. However, I sent a note yesterday to Ferguson's Ranch, at Estes Park, inquiring about rooms for July 15th. Ilsley says the Greenoughs go there to-day, which will make it very pleasant, and that Miss Slade also may go there. Miss Wilder, whom I have just met in Denver, is there now with her brother. There is every prospect of finding pleasant people, you see.

I was much delighted to get Mamma's letter just before leaving Denver, and to know that G. K. was to be married so soon. It seems to me an excellent plan, solving many difficulties. If they come to Estes Park, it will make it very much pleasanter for me.

The last few days in Denver convinced me that I could not stand prolonged hot weather. It's disappointing to have to admit it, but we gain nothing by blinking the truth. Of course June was a pretty hard month for me all through, and hardly a fair test of my working abilities under ordinary circumstances. . . .

Isley still seems to me to enjoy the life here, and he is very ingenious in the disposition he makes of things. He cooks very well, and the fare is excellent. I have brought some dainties with me to supplement the larder. My appetite at once is enormous, and I expect to thrive wonderfully in this air and life.

July 15.

Yesterday at seven I got to Denver, and went to the Albany. To-morrow morning (9.10) I start with Fisk's brother for Estes Park, and expect to find a tent with board floor (or possibly a room) ready for me at Ferguson's Ranch, Estes Park. We get to Lyons by rail at 11.36; start, after an hour for lunch, by stage for the Park, and get there about 5 P. M. The stage ride is said to be a very pretty one.

It's still very hot here. I cannot be too thankful that I did not try to brave it out. I did a few errands this morning, and called at the office, where they have all been very hard worked over the reorganization of the D. and R. G. Every one thinks I look very much better, but I cannot say I feel very energetic.

At the ranch I have been reading Tolstor's "War and Peace" with much interest. It's very long, has

no plot and few features of the conventional novel, but it's like a slice out of real life, very well drawn, no *malicious* satire and no undue obtrusion of the author. I have enjoyed it very much, and advise you to get it to read when you go away. I read Ropes's Napoleon in connection with it, and a lot of other books, *inter alia* Mrs. Ewing's "Jackanapes," and other stories in Lovell's Library.

Charles begins haying to-day, using Max and Kate as a pair, so that Max is going to be very useful. Elsner comes to cut for him, and they will take the hay in the bottom that would be caught and injured by the flood when it comes. Everything everywhere about is unusually and abominably dry. Ilsley will be a great help to C. now, and when later he really begins haying in earnest.

I can see no advantage in sending the pre-emption money now. I think the proving had better be postponed until late autumn, and I tried to prod Charlie into doing more in the way of residence on his claim, because they now require, and will in the future, pretty strict compliance with the rules of the Land Office. Among other things, a livable house and six months' actual residence.

TO R. W. G. WELLING.

ESTES PARK, COL., July 24, 1886.

MY DEAR AIK,— It's a very long time since I have written you and it must seem even longer yet

to you if you did not get the letter I sent you when I first went to Denver.

Now all that Denver episode is in the past, and I can look back upon it and give you a better idea of my life there than I could have done at the time. Of course, it was a great change from the utterly idle out of door life at the Springs to the regular habits of office work, though I did make short hours, leaving at four in order to get a horseback ride daily. I took my horse up with me, found a pleasant enough room, and a boarding-house that I got to dislike intensely before I got through with it, and everything went smoothly. I liked my work, — making out briefs, which were accepted without correction, and looking up points of law, and in the mean time getting the run of general practice and of the other leading offices. Then towards the end of May the weather began to get hot, my horse went back on me badly, stumbling unaccountably, and various other complications turned up, all tending rather to use me up and bringing on a bad cold. I stuck it out through June, hating to give up unless it were really necessary, especially in view of an advancement which Wolcott offered me. During a fortnight of June, the managing clerk went off on a vacation, and I took his work, enjoying it much, though constantly trembling in my boots for fear my inexperience should lead me into some serious mistake. I could have had the position permanently if only I had been strong enough, and it would have given me just the practical work and experience that I want. But alas! it did not

.

seem wise, and, looking back now, I see it would have been impossible. All through I had the advice of Dr. Fisk (Harv. Med. 1880), who is even more my friend than my physician, and he examined me, and said that the condition of my lung, apart from my general condition, was enough to make it necessary to stop work. It's very lucky that I did not try to keep on, for the first fortnight of July was the most oppressively hot weather Denver has ever known. I caught a little of it at first before getting down to Charlie's ranch for a visit, and again on my way up here. Moreover for ten days they were most awfully busy in the office with the reorganization of the D. and R. G. Luck seems to have been against me lately. I have been bothered with indigestion, and little things have gone wrong; but at last I hope I am getting straightened out again in this fine mountain air, and that before long I shall regain some of my old energy. Rather different places we are spending our vacations in, O. C.! I wish we might be together in one or the other. This Park is very beautiful, with superb views of Long's Peak and glimpses of the Range.

Your new departure in law is very interesting, and I think I can understand many of your reasons for taking it. I wish you all success. I must confess, O. C., that I am a little envious too that you should be so far ahead of me. I wish I could feel that I were "soaked quite full of practice, and confident of my ability to do pretty nearly anything"! If I can only go back to Wolcott's office in October, and get

six months of work as managing clerk, I should expect to feel so, — and beyond that I think the opening an excellent one, — but I fear I shall not be up to such hard and continuous work, and so try to think as little as possible about my next winter's life. Only if I cannot go to work in October, I hope to be able to come home for a visit, — after an absence of two years.

On reading this letter over, I have a great mind to ask you to send it on to Op. I owe him a letter, and he knows nothing about my giving up work, so that I should have to repeat to him most of the facts. Of course, as you can see, it was written for you.

H. E. G.

TO HIS FATHER.

DENVER, Thursday, Aug. 5, 1886.

DEAR PAPA, — Fisk and I came down from the Park on Tuesday, as we had planned, and now I am settled in extremely comfortable quarters next to him, and am enjoying the excellent fare of his boarding-house. Fisk has done everything in the world for me, and I am enjoying an idle life and being taken care of greatly; especially with the prospect of greeting Mamma on Saturday.

The weather is very pleasant here, not too hot, but comfortably warm. I hope her journey across the plains will be easy. It will be delightful to see Mamma, and I hope you won't miss her at home too much, but that the rest of *your* vacation in particular

will be as successful as the first half seems to have been.

Your affectionate son,

HARRY.

TO MESSRS. WELLING AND OPDYCKE.

COLORADO SPRINGS, Sept. 23, 1886.

DEAR O. C's, — I am going to adopt *ΔIK*'s suggestion and send you a joint letter, as it may become "considerable" before I get through, but will pretty surely be merely historical. First, though, I want to thank *ΔIK* for his particularly delightful letter from Mount Desert, and specially for the account of W. K. R. and G. W. P., and Op for two letters and a postal card. I have never acknowledged the last, of August 22, from Geneva. As I look back upon my life in Denver, I am convinced that one of the chief causes of my collapse was inadequate and poor food. The boarding-houses there do not compare with those in this place, — which are, in fact, exceptionally good. Thoroughly good and well-cooked food is essential for me, and, if I ever go back to Denver again, I shall try to find some place in a private family where I can be sure of getting it. Then unusually early and prolonged hot weather hastened my downfall, and there were other causes, physical and mental both, that it would take too long to explain. The letter I wrote from Estes Park probably gave you a better idea of my condition than the facts warranted, for two or three days after,

when Dr. Fisk came up to see me, he was a good deal disturbed, and took me down to Denver to a lower altitude, and to good food. Most fortunately, my mother joined me very soon, and her care, with very careful diet, helped me out of the hole into which I had fallen. Ten days in a Denver hotel with very hot weather, though I gained there steadily, made us very glad of the change to this place, with its much greater freshness, and to the peace and independence of housekeeping. Miss Curtis, a friend of my mother's, most kindly asked us to share her home life. I was kept very quiet, and not allowed to move off the place, but had great freedom in sitting out on piazzas and on the grass. And so four weeks of absolute repose brought me to a point from which I have been jumping forward with rapid strides every day. For the last week we have been in an excellent boarding-house opposite the Antlers, a corner where there is much more life and variety than at Miss Curtis's. I have enjoyed seeing a few people again, and am now allowed to drive, and have much more freedom, which is delightful. The doctor says my progress is wonderfully rapid, and indicates that the lung trouble was acute, and not permanent. In fact, he says I may begin to think of work again before very long, and I hope with some confidence to be as well and strong again by the beginning of the new year as I was a year ago.

September 27.

I have been very lazy about finishing this letter, and since I wrote the first sheet have done several things that indicate the rapid progress I am making,—among others, driving for the second and third times, and yesterday going for an early Sunday dinner to Kissel's house. He is now married and regularly settled down, and I could hardly believe, as we sat over our cigars (a very unusual thing for me now), that it was the first time I had seen him in his own home. It all seemed very natural, and as if the same thing must have been going on during all these months, which for me have really been so different. I think this feeling is specially strong in a place like this, where the things that interest people are of a trivial, temporary character,—one very much like another. I find that I am falling back into the old ruts (so far as my strength will allow me) very easily, and only with difficulty realize that there is a long part of the track over which I have not travelled. Of course this is but half the truth, and applies only to the more superficial, external side of life. My deeper consciousness is too well aware of changes, struggles, and discouragement. However, you must not think of me as down-hearted or blue,—I am getting well too fast for that. We are having most beautiful weather now, and this is the best season of the year to recuperate in. Good-by, O. C's.

Yours,

H. E. G.

TO L. E. OPDYCKE.

COLORADO SPRINGS, Nov. 9, 1886.

MY DEAR OP,— It's very pleasing to me to get occasional remembrances from you, like the two copies of *Fliegende Blätter* that came yesterday. And some time ago there was that quaint little old man in tortoise shell, that makes himself useful for toilet purposes. I ought to have thanked you for him long ago, but some how or other I find a good deal of *vis inertiae* to overcome before settling down to write a letter, especially as my mother is still with me, and takes all the correspondence with home, so that I am not forced to do that to keep my hand in. I am writing now in an office where I have a desk and a few law-books. It's a large, comfortable, well lighted and ventilated room, taken primarily by a young Englishman, Hutton by name, who is engaged in the business of making loans, taking ranch property as security. He has considerable English capital to invest, but unfortunately is going away for the winter to a place where he is to start a bank. I shall miss him a good deal, and am specially sorry he is to be away, as we had made plans for reading together, possibly Latin or German, in which I am horribly rusty, as I find in trying to make out the jokes in *Fliegende Blätter*. In the mean time Hutton's place in the office will be taken by Arthur Greenough, whom I have known all my life. He lived in Jamaica Plain, and would have been in our class had he gone

to college. It's rather odd we should come together again out here, is n't it? He came about a year ago for his health, bringing a newly married wife,—a most charming girl, whom also I have always known very well.

Hutton's business here in the office does n't amount to much, save in the way of letter-writing, but occasionally clients do drop in. I have taken this desk, for which I pay very little, for the sake of having a definite place to come to, where I can read law, write, etc. I may possibly get a little work through Hutton, in the way of looking up abstracts of title, and occasionally he has law points come up on which I exercise my wits. I come here for two or three hours in the morning, and mean also to be here for the two hours after sunset and before dinner, which are the hardest of all the day to get rid of. I find myself interested in going over my old law school note-books, annotating them with references to Colorado Statutes, and reading some text-book in connection. It's a sort of mitigation of absolute idleness, and I feel that I am doing a little something in preparation for real work again, for which I long most heartily. It's useless for me to think of it this winter, however, and I must possess my soul in patience as well as I can,—a task I find much harder than ever before. The doctor examined me the other day, and said he was pleased with the result,—relieved to find the damage done last summer so much repaired and the existing trouble so slight. It has skipped over into the left lung, however, and I must lead a quiet

careful life for many months to come. Sometimes I feel discouraged, O. C., and wish that I had not crawled out of the hole I slid into last summer. It would have simplified things so much all round. Here am I likely to be a steady burden on my father for an indefinite time, probably never able to do a decent man's work, always bound to live in a restricted way, and subject to trying set-backs. However, I am not ungrateful, and realize fully that it is my duty to keep the pot boiling for the sake of my father and mother, if for nothing else. Then there is still another, on whose account I try to live prudently and well. It's at once a comfort to know that such an interest is being taken in my existence, and to be able to exchange sympathy sometimes, and a trial to know the hopelessness of any more satisfying relationship. But over and beyond all else there's the incentive to lead a life that shall be a worthy one,—and for that I cannot be too thankful. I have thought it right to refer to this once more. . . .

Let me hear from you when you have the time and inclination. Our thoughts must all have been turning to Alma Mater these last few days. Last night we mustered here five Harvard graduates for a dinner, that was very pleasant. They were all much older than myself,—three clergymen and a doctor,—so that the “learned professions” were well represented.

Ever affectionately,

H. E. G.

TO HIS FATHER.

COLORADO SPRINGS, Nov. 19, 1886.

DEAR PAPA,—I meant to have written before to thank you for your long, delightful letter of November 10, describing Lowell's Oration and other Harvard doings. I read all the papers you sent with the greatest interest, and thought parts of Holmes's Law School Oration specially fine.

Mamma and I are spending the morning quietly in my new rooms; it is bright and warm out of doors, but with a strong wind from the northwest. These rooms are proving very pleasant, and I am sure I shall enjoy them very much, and find it easier to lead a quiet regular life in them. Already they look quite pretty, though many of my things are not yet in place, like the large photograph of the Chihuahua Cathedral, which is in Denver. I like the change to May's table very much, and my appetite revives again to almost abnormal size immediately. It is home-like and the service is excellent.

Your affectionate son,

HARRY.

TO L. E. OPDYCKE.

COLORADO SPRINGS, Dec. 6, 1886.

MY DEAR OP,—I have delayed an unconscionably long time in forwarding to you the enclosed from Dick, partly through laziness and in the hope that I

might get something from you to answer, partly that I might tell you that I have read and enjoyed the bundle of *Fliegende Blätter* you sent me. Not only have I enjoyed them, but they have given much pleasure to other people who have seen them. I have used them largely as an exercise in German, — by no means an easy exercise, but still repaying labor fully. I cannot always make out the jokes, or find very much wit in them when I think I have made them out; but the drawing is always clever and delightful, and with so much variety too. It's really wonderful. Since I last wrote you my mother has gone home, getting back on the 24th, in time for Thanksgiving and the family dinner. I went up with her to Denver and spent two days in shopping, ordering clothes, etc. I went back to Wolcott's office and got a warm welcome. It made me long really to be at work again, but I doubt if I shall ever be strong enough for such vigorous work as is necessary there. However, I remand that whole question to next autumn, and try to squeeze what I can out of my life here and now.

I have not favored you with any verses lately and no doubt you have thought — and rightly too — that the fount was dried up, but once or twice lately it has welled up afresh. Here is its latest outpouring: ¹

The sky is soft with the twilight gay.¹

Ever yours,

HARRY.

¹ See page 247.

TO MISS GUILD.

COLORADO SPRINGS, Dec. 20, 1886.

MY DEAR AUNT LIZZIE, — Your letter gave a delightful glimpse into your life in 2 Otis Place, with the touch of gayety that Rose's presence brings into it, and the background of reading and serious thought. I like to think that, if I were there again, I should make a part of your daily interests, as of old, and we should discuss together the books you mention, and find our ideas agreeing in the main. Certainly I should not object very strongly to the title of Unitarian optimist, and most heartily I believe in the preponderance of the good over the bad in this world. Moreover, I believe that this preponderance is continually increasing; but perhaps I am unduly influenced by John Fiske, whose "Destiny of Man" I have been re-reading lately. Now I am at work on his "Cosmic Philosophy," and really find it work, there is so much reference to other philosophers and their systems, and concise statements of philosophic principles not always easy to grasp. I find myself almost in despair at my ignorance of a subject so vast, and keep on chiefly that I may get an idea of the Spencerian theory of the Universe, having been stimulated thereto by a very interesting book called "Evolution of To-day," by H. W. Conn, — a résumé of the different hypotheses of evolution in the animal world during the last twenty-five years. The conclusion is reached that evolution is a true principle,

almost universally accepted by scientists, of the development of organic life, but that Darwinism, that is especially Natural Selection, is not a sufficient explanation of the theory of evolution taken by itself, — disagreeing therein with Fiske. But I did not mean to turn this letter into a discussion on philosophy, however sure I may be that you will be interested in what I am reading and thinking about. I want rather to make it a Christmas letter, to tell you and Aunt Harriet how often I think of you both, and how deeply I wish that I might be with you for the family gathering. It is these anniversary seasons that draw us closer together, while they emphasize the hardships of absence. Still, you must not think of me as entirely without compensation, or utterly forlorn, though I am two thousand miles away. I shall take my Christmas dinner with friends who are very kind to me, and when you are drinking a toast to the absent you may imagine that it is being echoed here. But after all it will not be the home gathering, nor will any amount of friendship take the place of those ties that blood makes thicker than water. So must there ever be a deeper meaning for you in those wishes that come at this season, and such most assuredly there is when I wish you both a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Your affectionate nephew,

HENRY ELIOT GUILD.

TO HIS FAMILY.

COLORADO SPRINGS, Dec. 20, 1886.

DEAR FAMILY,—This letter must be my Christmas present to you all. What an unspeakable comfort it is that we do not need costly things to assure us of the love that naturally seeks fuller expression at this time! Undoubtedly it would be very pleasant if we could combine with the remembrance a present that would be of value, and I wish that I were ingenious enough to have accomplished it in some way; but after all the chief value of the present lies in the fact that it is a token of interest and affection, and assuredly we need no tokens to assure us of the love that abides always. And yet I want to express it now more fully than we ordinarily do, and to make this a Christmas letter by reason of such expression; for it seems to me that Christmas means more to me this year than ever before, as if all the old home ties, the claims of old friends and kindred, and more than all else of all of you, dear family, had taken stronger hold upon me. This is perhaps the one season of the year more than any other when at the same time our hearts turn towards each other with the same wishes, and through that simultaneous sympathy we draw closer together, and make the distance that separates us seem as nothing. And so let us not think so much of the mere physical separation of miles as of that union of the spirit that makes us all united in thought and wish. We meet "Like spirits unconfin'd in heaven."

Ah! if we could indeed have passed this Christmas day together, as we fondly hoped that we might a year ago, what a joyous day it would have been! Yet there is another side to be looked at. I can but doubt whether I should have ever reached the depth of thought and earnestness of wish that make me want to send you a letter such as this, if everything had gone smoothly and prosperously with me. So you must be glad, with me, for the deepening of character that has come out of trial, and be thankful for yourselves that you can receive a better, richer love because I have it now to give. And so, with a very "Merry Christmas" to you, one and all, I am,

Most affectionately,

HARRY.

CHAPTER VI.

COLORADO SPRINGS. — COTTAGE ON NORTH TEJON STREET.
— MANITOU PARK AGAIN. — RETURN TO TEJON STREET.
— LAST ILLNESS. — JANUARY, 1887, TO MARCH, 1888.

TO L. E. OPDYCKE.

COLORADO SPRINGS, Jan. 22, 1887.

MY DEAR OP, — Your particularly delightful letter of December 26th came nearly a week ago, and I have been meaning to answer it every day, especially as I have been so slack in acknowledging your long letter of 30th November. It came on Christmas morning, with the quaint little calendar and the pretty card. You are always very successful in picking up such things, and they always seem to bring more of your own individuality than those I get from other people.

I fear, O. C., I'm not much in the mood for writing this morning, so I'll just stick to the facts of life, and only say that I echo most warmly in my heart all that you wrote about our affection for each other. December was not a very cheerful month for me, except just at Christmas time. I found my rooms, in themselves very pleasant, rather lonely, as there were no other people in the building, and they were rather out of the way for my friends to drop in on

me. Then with the New Year came a renewal of old trouble in ulceration of my jaw, with sore throat in combination, and I came to the conclusion I had better make a change of some kind. For a week I made a visit at the Kissels' house, which set me up again immensely, and then, after thinking of going to Las Vegas for a short time, I gave up the plan in favor of a change to my present quarters, which I will now describe. It's a little bit of a cottage, leased and managed by a lady from Rochester, N. Y., who is here to take care of a younger brother with lung trouble. Miss Wilder is frank, straightforward, eminently capable, — a capital nurse, full of resources for entertainment and of capacity to manage more or less unruly boys. Besides Miss Wilder and her brother there is a friend of theirs from home who makes up our quartet. He came from Kansas, desperately sick, but Miss W. has pulled him through, and he now seems well and hearty.

In a house next door live more friends of theirs, — two brothers Otis, and a third youth named Lee. The "gang," take them all in all, are boyish in the extreme, skylarking, joking, "fooling," constantly. They have treated me so far with more or less respect, though I am by no means free from roughing. It's a complete change of life for me, and I hope a healthful one, taking me out of myself and forcing new interests upon me. The parlor of the cottage is a very bright, cheerful room, with open fireplace, piano, and much bric-à-brac that gives a habitable un-boarding-house-like air. Some of my belongings

in the way of pictures have found places on the walls, and my books fill up the shelves.

So for a few weeks I think I shall be contented, — and then will come another change. Alas for the mutability of a convalescent's existence! Your travelling must have given you a somewhat similar craving for the permanence of a home and the delights of home comforts. My friend — has been here this week for a little vacation from his Denver life, and we have been sympathizing over the outlook before us, though his chance of permanent usefulness is infinitely greater than mine. But we agreed that it was the way in which we accepted our disappointments and sorrows that made all the difference, — whether they shall embitter and sour us, or make us, through a chastening as of fire, purer, truer, nobler. Sometimes it seems very hard to be heroic in the lazy life we necessarily lead here; sometimes resolution, like a muscle constantly on the stretch, loses its active strength, especially when we are weakened by physical depression, but always there is the goal before us.

“They also serve who only stand and wait.”

I hope you don't mind my pouring out to you in this way, O. C. Probably I give you an exaggerated impression of this serious side of my life, but you will make due allowance, and it's a comfort to me, knowing your constant inexhaustible sympathy.

January 23.

I've been re-reading your letter of Nov. 30th, and feel that mine of yesterday was such a wretchedly inadequate answer that I propose to supplement it now.

I envy you all your travelling and sight-seeing, and the energy that enables you to do it with ease and enjoyment. I have begun to pick up a little of the energy myself, as you will perhaps have noticed from my reference to a plan of going to Las Vegas yesterday, — and the restlessness that leads to frequent change has been present in superabundance. But the Rhine and one great Art Gallery after another, ah me! I wonder if you are fully appreciating them all as you should. I should never have ventured to think otherwise, were it not for what you said about your lack of enthusiasm on the Rhine. Perhaps added years would make a difference, but it seems to me I should be just as enthusiastic as ever. The Rhine happened to please me rather particularly, whereas with you it may be that it is other things that specially stir your enthusiasm. Certainly you never seemed to me to lack it when we travelled together. And now you are probably in Venice, — and I know you will often think of those two days we spent there, four years and a half ago. It does not seem such a long time, does it? Well, I wish I were with you now; and next best to that, I rejoice at the thought that I shall see you before another year has passed. It is my ambition now to get home some time in the course of next summer, —

whether for six weeks in May, June, July, or in autumn, or possibly for the whole summer, I cannot tell yet. Anyway, if we do not manage to meet at that time in the East, I shall count on your carrying out your plans and stopping to see me here on your way to California. I expect to be here in Colorado Springs next autumn, and for some years to come, as it seems most probable that I shall not be able to go back to the pressing, active professional life of Denver, and in a sanitary point of view this is the best place in the State. Next autumn, too, if I come back with the decent amount of strength I hope for, such as I had a year ago, I shall set up my shingle here, alone or with some older man, and see if I cannot get something to do. I think I can. By next autumn the Colorado Midland Railroad will be in operation. It has been building for nearly a year, and has its terminus and offices here, necessarily bringing more or less business to the town.

Of course, practice here will never be satisfactory from the point of view of an ambitious lawyer (*that* I have ceased to be), but it will, I think, in a year or two go a good way towards giving me a living, without throwing too hard work or too great responsibility upon me, and will make life much more satisfactory. Even this outlook, however, is for the present rather a castle in Spain.

By the way, I must tell you the decision of the United States Supreme Court in the case wherein I made the brief for Mr. Wolcott last spring. It was a reversal of the judgment of the Montana court, and

granting a new trial in accordance with the prayer of our appeal. Mr. W. sent me a copy of the advance sheets of the judgment, with a pretty little note expressing his satisfaction that my brief work had been so successful and effective. For myself, I could not see that the court paid much attention to the brief; but at least the judgment was the right way.

I hope you will not get the impression from my yesterday's letter that I am constantly blue and morbid. It's hard to give you a fair idea of my daily life, because most of it would be to you a catalogue of names, unknown and uninteresting. But you must always remember that there are several homes here where I feel on intimate terms, so that I have no hesitation in dropping in for lunch or dinner without invitation. The Kissels you must remember my having mentioned, and they are my greatest stand-byes, though Mr. and Mrs. Carpenter (with three delightful children, who give such a home atmosphere) press them close. Then I think I have mentioned Swinburne of Albany (Yale, 1879), who this winter has moved into a new house, built largely according to his own tasteful ideas. He has a large library, (that of a *literary* man distinctly,) now admirably housed in a really beautiful room. I have been there a great deal lately, for lunch or dinner, and occasionally to spend a night or two. He has been far from well with acute dyspepsia joined to other troubles, but he is wonderfully bright and cheerful under it all, — a bright and shining example of how to bear illness. And now, when the weather

keeps me indoors, I have this cheerful home and household to make the time pass quickly. *Auf wiedersehen*, O. C.

H. E. G.

TO HIS FAMILY.

COLORADO SPRINGS, Feb. 6, 1887.

MY DEAR KATHARINE, — Your letter of a week ago pleased me greatly, and I assure you did not weary me in the least with its account of balls and dinners. I am glad you enjoyed the latter; to me they are the pleasantest kind of entertainment.

Last Wednesday I went to one here given by Mrs. Brinley for a party from Providence, — a dinner of twenty-two. On Friday Mrs. Brinley gave the first one of a series of weekly *Musicales* she means to have; very informal, rather an evening at home with a little music and cards. I did not go, but I heard that it was very successful and pleasant.

Friday morning Fred Kissel and his wife started for Salt Lake City. If they had only been willing to go to Las Vegas, Miss Murphy would have gone too, and I should have joined them. Would not that have been a jolly party?

We had a beautiful, bright windless day, and I drove Miss Murphy to Manitou, where we made a pleasant little call on Mrs. Bell, and then I brought her back to lunch here. She enjoyed all the chaff and slang of the young people, and retaliated with much spirit. When I escorted her home, she played to me most delightfully.

Yesterday morning I took poor Herrick to drive, and was able to show him a new road, without, I hope, trying him too much.

THE ALBANY, DENVER, Feb. 13, 1887.

DEAR PAPA, — Your letter of February 7th was forwarded to me here. I did not go to the Harvard dinner. Fisk did not go, and when the evening came I found myself stuffed up with a cold in the head, and so went to bed early and dosed myself according to Fisk's advice. The result was that I broke up the cold and feel much better again. This morning was lovely, and Fisk took me to drive with him, so that I was out more than two hours. Otherwise I am coddling myself for the sake of precaution in my room, where I have a cheerful open fire. I shall stay here until Tuesday afternoon or Wednesday for the sake of seeing Charles and doing various little things I had hoped to accomplish on this trip.

I have been wondering whether you and Mamma have not (as a result of my last letters) been speculating on the desirability of her coming out to me again. I am almost afraid to mention it, for fear that you should at once think something serious was the matter with me, and that I had been hiding it. This is *not* true, but my trip to Denver has revealed to me more clearly what I suspected before, — that my present arrangements are unsatisfactory.

When I get back to the Springs I shall look about more carefully, as I have pretty nearly decided that I had better not try Las Vegas, at least alone. Swin-

burne is so much better now that I think, if he wants me, I could make myself very comfortable with him.

The rooms that Miss Price had at Miss Johnson's are vacant. Now, if Eleanor could come out, she might take those rooms, and I could have one of the east rooms across the entry. If, on the other hand, you think it better for Mamma to come, I should rather favor housekeeping for three months, when I could go on to the ranch, or to Manitou Park.

Please do not think, because I have written these things, that I have fully decided on them. I may find something turn up on getting back to the Springs better than anything I have suggested. I only want to put the idea into your mind, so that, if perhaps any favorable chance should turn up, I could telegraph without alarming you.

Remember also that this cold makes me feel a little down (it's the first one I've had since November, by the way, a great triumph!) and that when I get over it I shall probably laugh at the idea of my needing either Mamma or Eleanor. Now please do take it calmly, and remember that there is not the least hurry for any one to come. We may very properly take a month to talk it over in our letters, and then decide against it.

THE ANTLERS, COLORADO SPRINGS,
Sunday, Feb. 27, 1887.

DEAR ELEANOR,— Letters from home have come pretty thick and fast these last few days,— none more welcome than yours of 23d, which I found this after-

noon at the P. O., telling me of the final decision that you are to come, and that I may expect you by the 16th of next month. Indeed, I do believe, *ma chère sœur*, that a "brother and sister, so united as we are, should be very happy together." I *know* we shall be.

If I had not been very sure that you would have found the life out here a pleasant one,—entirely apart from what you can do for me,—I never should have asked you to come. Of course, the life here in the Springs will be rather different from the summer life you saw before, but it has counterbalancing attractions, and I am confident that you will like it.

Miss Murphy, I am sorry to say, will not be here; they go to Denver at the end of this week, and in the course of a few weeks more, if her father can bear the journey, on to New York.

Miss Price expects her sister almost any time now, and hopes to move into her new house in two or three weeks.

I feel so well to-day that it seems almost absurd that I should have sent for you to come out. My cold has gone, my general strength is coming back fast, my cough is not bad, and my voice is stronger; in fact, I feel something of my normal vigor. Still it remains true that there will come bad days again; that I have faced the fact of needing care (as you put it), and do not feel inclined to go back on that judgment. So I shall welcome you with open arms, and hope to have a house to ask you to when you arrive. I am very sorry you will have to give up

your lessons with Baermann; it's too bad, and you will have to console yourself with the thought of all the pleasure you will give me with your music.

You must not think, from what I have said about your liking the life out here, that I do not appreciate the sacrifice you make in coming; and I am doubly sorry that you should have the discomfort of the journey at this time of year. However, we can but hope that this will prove easy.

I do appreciate the sacrifice, and recognize that you make it gladly on my account. I hope I can make it all as easy for you as possible, first and foremost by getting well. . . .

321 NORTH TEJON STREET, March 29, 1887.

DEAR PAPA, — Yours of 24th came yesterday. I can give you now a partial account. . . . Charles was here on Sunday, and needed money unexpectedly, which he was reluctant to take. He was, however, reconciled to the deposit, by getting more accurate information about water-rights and ditches here, which makes him anxious to have surveys made at once, so that he can begin work and secure his water.

Now for me comes the question of a buggy. I have driven Max twice, getting both Kissel and Carr to take little turns about town with me. Max went very steadily, and they both thought he would make an excellent driving horse. The buggy I had yesterday is light, and particularly well adapted to Max. It suits me because there is length enough in front,

and the back and seat are very comfortable for Eleanor and me. If I put my present money into it, Eleanor will use some of hers for a harness.

May 11, 1887.

DEAR PAPA, . . . Yesterday I took two little turns with Eleanor, and they did not tire me at all. I am getting decidedly stronger than during the first few weeks in this house. I spent the rest of the day on the piazza in Dr. Hazelhurst's steamer chair, and was entertained by watching the men who cut our grass.

We expect Laurence Minot to-day. He wrote to us from Seattle. Yesterday evening we had a very pleasant call from Mr. and Mrs. Thacher, and we talked about Estes Park, and the flowers and the birds, about which they know infinitely more already than I have found out in all the time I have been here. . . .

May 17, 1887.

DEAR PAPA, . . . Laurence Minot departed yesterday at 6 P. M., intending to stop and see Harry *en route* at St. Paul. He was a most agreeable visitor, and accommodated himself easily to our narrow quarters and rather irregular *menu*.

He took several photographs of the parlor, which I hope will prove successful when he develops them. We never did get Miss Murphy's piano, but tuning has immensely improved this one, together with "picking" the hammers in the upper register.

May 24, 1887.

DEAR MAMMA, — It's ridiculous for me not to write you oftener; it's pure sloth in me, and no longer can be put on the score of health. A week ago, to be sure, I was a little down, but it was a temporary calamity. As Dr. Reed put it, "You can't tell how strong you are until you have put your strength to the test." But perhaps it was partly the weather too. Our new girl is a treasure, and, with out-of-door life, increasing strength, and her excellent cooking, my appetite is really reviving at last.

In one of your letters you speculated on the cause of my downfall last winter, and wondered whether there was anything wrong in the school building to bring an abscess of the jaw, etc. I think not, pretty surely. There was no drainage to get out of order, and I think my rooms were all right in every way, and well taken care of.

The trouble lay not so much in the physical as in the mental conditions. I was altogether too lonely, and at the best not strong enough to conquer my tendency to self-absorption. It was hard for me to get outside distraction, without doing too much, and I was just delicate enough to make the weather (which for well people was not severe) a serious obstacle to such calling, driving, etc., as might have brought me other interests.

So when in January I caught a little cold, and the inflammation of the throat began, which afterwards amounted to chronic laryngitis (according to Dr.

Pennington), there was little to give me a brace, or to check a pretty steady running down hill.

The hardest thing perhaps to explain is my gradual falling off in the first few weeks in this house; but it must have been due to imperfect comprehension of the weak state I was in after my return from Denver. I think perhaps Dr. Reed underestimated this a little, — and then it was very unlucky that he went away at that time.

Looking back upon it now, I believe that for a large part of the time at the Antlers, when I thought I was simply contending with the listlessness that the first warm weather always brings, I was really trying to fight against fever, — exhausting what little vigor I had left, and using up my nervous strength for every day life. So it was not till I gave in absolutely, made no exertion whatever, and took to stuffing myself systematically, that I began to pick up once more.

Voilà tout, if my interpretation of things physical is correct, — in so far as a history of them can be correct without modification by things mental. Now, with Eleanor here, everything going smoothly, and a prospect of having you all out here in summer or autumn, I can see no reason why I should not steadily and surely improve.

June 19, 1887.

MY DEAR KATHARINE, — I fear it's rather a long time since I last wrote to you, but you know I have not been a very faithful correspondent to anybody

since Eleanor has been here, and through her I get all the little items of news, and details of what you are doing, that make it seem even less necessary for me to write. It has been very interesting to hear about your sketching expeditions, and the advance you have made. You must have enjoyed it all very much, and I should think it would have been specially pleasant to have Agnes with you so much.

To-morrow E. and I propose to make a little change, and go to Manitou (to the Iron Springs House) for a few days. The weather has been hot lately, and I think the change might do me good, besides giving E. a little vacation from housekeeping.¹ Dr. Reed highly approves of our going, and we have a hope of getting Miss Otis and her brother the doctor to come too. He arrived Friday, and brought round the parcels for E. in the evening. He was very pleasant, and we like them both so much that we want them to join us at the Iron Springs. E. wants me to acknowledge the Service-Book and sermons which came on Friday.

Yesterday I took lunch at the Kissels, and enjoyed the little variety very much. The house is most delightful, — cool and breezy. Fred seems very well and strong, much occupied with care of the place.

I wondered the other day, when I was taking one of my numerous doses, how you would like to have so many to remember and swallow. Tonic after each meal, egg-nogs, raw egg, or soup four times

¹ E. thinks this sounds as if she were broken down, which she is not, at all, at all!

between meals, bitters and whiskey twice a day, and finally, when I go to bed, Eleanor scrubs my throat with a wash. That makes 10 things every day, 70 a week, 280 a month, say 500 since I first began! Don't you wish me joy of it all? Perhaps at Manitou I can drop some of the extras for the time being, which will be nice.

E. has just finished reading Stopford Brooke's sermon, "What think ye of Christ?" and admires it very much. Good-by. Love to Papa and Mamma, and much for yourself.

TO L. E. OPDYCKE.

COLORADO SPRINGS, July 15, 1887.

MY DEAR OP,—Welcome home again from "wandering on a foreign shore." I wish I could be in New York just to meet you, and see for myself how your travels have agreed with you, — whether you have become more French, or more German, or more Italian. Ah! I envy you all that development and growth. Not that I should expect to find you at bottom any less the old Op than I am the old Harry, — only a truer, broader expression of the former man, instead of a narrower concentration. But perhaps you will not find it so with me, — who can tell? Only sometimes I get discouraged when I think of the last three years and consider how little I have accomplished, how little I have added to my knowledge or to the strengthening of my faculties. As to my well-being

physically just at present, there is not much to be said. The warm weather, much as I enjoy it, does not entirely suit me, so that for these last weeks I am content to have held my own, without making much progress to greater strength. Looking back over a longer interval, however, say of a month, it is clear that I have advanced considerably, an immense gain over those weeks of non-improvement you mention in your last letter, and my doctor seems to be well enough satisfied. At any rate, the advantages of a home life are so great that I shall probably stay on here, and not try to make a change to the higher altitude of one of the Parks, or even of C.'s ranch, where Eleanor will probably go for a little visit soon. In the mean time I drive (almost daily) and read (trash just at present) and loaf generally, on piazza or lawn, listening to music, perhaps, that is always a constant source of pleasure. Besides the friends that naturally came to her through me, Eleanor has made many others through her music, so that we get much variety in that way. There are a good many really musical people here, and she is often in demand to play duets, or as accompanist for violin or voice, and of course I reap the benefit of all the playing here. If I were a little stronger, or perhaps if only I were a little more eager for it, I could easily extend my opportunities by accepting invitations to the not infrequent *Musicales* or other more informal entertainments; but it's an effort to me to meet strangers, or to carry on anything in the least like a formal conversation. My voice is not strong, (owing to what the

doctor calls nervous relaxation of the vocal chords,) and I prefer going to the one house where I am sure of a cordial welcome, and where I need not talk if I do not feel like it. I'm afraid I don't give you much of an idea of myself; but if you want more, please ask questions and I will answer them.

I look forward most eagerly to the time when you can come and see for yourself all that you want to know, and when we can talk over together all that has happened to us in the last three years. Indeed, I do remember Salisbury and our meeting there, Turin and the bottle of Chianti. We did go to Rouen (from St. Valéry en Caux), but only for a day, so that I did not get much idea of the country immediately surrounding it.

I am glad to think that I may not have to wait so long for an answer to this letter as formerly, and that you really are within hailing distance again.

Please remember me to your mother, and with lots of love for yourself, O. C.,

Believe me always yours,

H. E. G.

TO HIS FAMILY.

321 N. TEJON STREET, July 20, 1887.

DEAR MAMMA,—I had a delightful birthday yesterday, and your letter came just in time to bring me your good wishes. I am very glad to hear that Papa is entirely himself again, and I hope that your Nahant visit was pleasant and the weather favorable.

As to the Centuries, we have sent them all to Charlie, but sometimes I fear not so promptly as we should have done. I am very lazy about all little duties of that sort nowadays.

Yesterday morning, just as I was beginning my breakfast, Miss Hattie Price brought me my first birthday present. — from her sister, a very good photograph of herself in a carved oak frame. It's almost full length, standing, with hands clasped in front, and the expression is very earnest and serious, but I like it all immensely. And oh! dear Mamma, she wrote me such a note with it that I ought to be a very happy boy for ever and ever. Well, anyway I was very happy yesterday. Then Miss Hattie brought me a few flowers, mignonette and pansies and daisies. By and by, Bessie came in herself, and then after a little while Mrs. Noble, and she and Eleanor played duets, so that we had delightful music, which was just right.

After a peaceful afternoon, Eleanor went to make calls with Mrs. Reed, and afterwards to dine with Mr. Jackson (very pleasant, and she will write you about it herself). So I went to dine with the Prices, and was rather overwhelmed by a still further present from them both of a steamer chair, to be used on their piazza, and by a beautiful birthday cake that Gouey had made. You see, in their family they have always made a great deal of birthdays.

I felt very well yesterday, and I feel very well again this morning. Eleanor says the trouble with me is, I want to have something done for me every

day, and I fear she is right; I am no longer sufficient unto myself. Eleanor is very good to me, and I don't do half enough for her. Good-by! with much love to you all, dear Mamma.

MANITOU PARK, Sunday, July 31, 1887.

MY DEAR MAMMA, — You will be glad to know, I am sure, how very much better I feel since coming up here. The change has acted like the best of all tonics, and now that we have a bright morning and the fresh mountain air can have its full effect, I am sure that I shall gain very fast.

I like to be up here again, and to be reminded of two years ago. It seems very natural and very pleasant.

Our rooms in the Monteith cottage are very much better than the room I had before, and enable me to be as quiet and retired as I please, and yet they are very near Mr. Carpenter.

Already my voice shows decided signs of improvement, and I cough less. But, best of all, I have lost the "draggy, down" feeling I had at the Springs, and I feel in good spirits, fully prepared to get the full benefit of any improvement I make, and not let any of it slip. Eleanor of course has been devoted, and has read aloud to me a great deal; but yesterday afternoon she had a two hours' drive to the Fish Ranch with Mr. Jackson and his party, and in the evening after I had gone to bed she went to Mrs. Bell's and heard Miss Wolsey read ghost stories, all of which she much enjoyed. Now again I think she

is listening to Miss Wolsey, who is reading from the second series of "Obiter Dicta."

It is a lovely morning, and I am sitting in my canvas chair under a big pine tree close to our cottage, where I get all the air that blows, and look off over a field red with painter's brush to distant meadows and far away hills, over which the shadows come and go.

August 30, 1887.

DEAR PAPA, — I have had many letters to thank you for lately, and hope that I have already acknowledged the earlier ones. . . .

Mamma in her letter of the 2d asks if I think of any books I want, and since then I have thought of one or two volumes of poetry I should like, that used to be in the third bookcase in the library, — a very early edition of Browning (in two volumes I think), a collection of poems by recent English poets, Rossetti, Swinburne, and others. Then I hardly like to ask you for Swinburne's new Collection or Selection of his Poems, which supplements (to judge by the Reviews) the early Collection I have.

We have been having most beautiful weather since the 27th, when Eleanor returned from her visit to the Springs, and Miss Price came up with her. We have had more variety than usual. I have driven twice, once to the Fish Ranch, where it is very interesting to watch the young trout they are rearing, and yesterday I went on my favorite drive to the wood road, starting in by the Montague Gulch (near

Sam Bradford's camp) and the old logging camp, and winding in and out among the trees and through the little park-like field opposite the hotel, from which one gets such a fine view of the Peak. Yesterday it was glorious, but the road is being spoiled by a new fence that Dr. Bell is putting up, crossing it and intersecting it at every turn.

Then there has been music at the Bungalow two or three evenings, and I went over night before last and enjoyed duets between Mrs. Bell and Eleanor, and Dr. Worden's violin accompanied by E. We have been out under the trees, besides the usual sitting out on the piazza and close by the cottage.

Since I last wrote, I have been quite free from digestive troubles, (which I fear I rather exaggerated to you then,) and so my appetite has been good, and I have felt that I was gaining strength fast.

Thornton means to bring the hotel season to an end next Wednesday, the 7th, and I think I shall go down with Eleanor to-morrow, and take up life at the Springs again. I have certainly done well to have had five full weeks here.

The time of your coming out begins to seem delightfully near at hand, and I feel that we can comfortably put off till then conferring about many things.

John Tebbets, as you supposed, sent me one of the official notices of his new appointment, which must be a great advance for him. Certainly he deserves it, if by zeal and hard work one can deserve anything.

September 1, 1887.

MY DEAR KATHARINE,— I hope that this letter will reach you on your birthday, and bring you all the best of greetings from me. It is too bad it does not happen to come during the time we are all to be together here in Colorado; but you will realize that good wishes are not any the less hearty because they have to travel two thousand miles.

What a very mature person you are getting to be, to be sure! How much changed, I wonder, from the Katharine I last saw,— the Katharine of the birthday of three years ago?

Ah! we may find some additions perhaps to the brother and sister of that time with which we shall have to become acquainted, but underlying all that will be the firm substratum of knowledge and affection that make time and separation of small account.

Your letter of June 28th has been a long time unanswered, but it brought a vivid picture of the Magnolia life that I was glad to get, and a little sketch that I have enjoyed very much, even if I never myself have thanked you for it before.

I am glad that you have been interested by Hamerton on Landscape; everything he writes is good, I think, though Papa finds this dry compared to his other books.

Eleanor and Miss Price have just returned from a drive and a call on Mrs. Metcalf at Camp Duquesne.

I have been passing a peaceful afternoon reposing and enjoying a most fascinating view of the Peak. I

wish that you were going to see it from this side, — I wish you were here now, it is so specially rich in color and shadow.

Your affectionate brother,

HARRY.

TO L. E. OPDYCKE.

321 N. TEJON STREET, C. S., Oct. 21, 1887.

MY DEAR OP, — I have delayed writing you partly because I thought you would not have returned to Warren before now, and partly because I have been very much taken up with the family in their last days here. They left us day before yesterday, after a visit that was most satisfactory in every respect. I have gained enough to make them feel very comfortable about me, and they think that Eleanor and I have the prospect of a very pleasant winter. I wish you were going to get here sooner, before the weather is very cold. However, it not seldom happens that December is just as fine a month as November, and we will hope that it will be so this year. I shall be very much interested to hear from you about Mrs. Gilbert, and all that you did in Milwaukee. . . . I have not yet thanked you for the *Scarabæus*, which came as a delightful surprise a few days ago. I am much touched that you should have thought of me in those lands so far away in distance and in time. When you come out, you must enlighten my ignorance about the *Scarabæus* in general. I have never seen so perfect a specimen, and am very glad to have it. . . . I enclose a letter from Taussig, written

some time ago, because, even if you have heard from him since, this gives a very admirable account of his doings.

Please give my kindest remembrances to your mother. With lots of love for yourself, always,

H. E. G.

TO MISS C. H. GUILD.

COLORADO SPRINGS, Dec. 18, 1887.

MY DEAR CHARLOTTE, — I cannot let Christmas go by without at least writing to send you greeting.

Please do not be too considerate of my welfare in refraining from writing, for letters I think are a little like invitations, — one likes to have the opportunity to decline. But I know how busy your life is, and only wish to give you the gentlest possible reminder how welcome a letter from you would always be.

I should like to write to Flora, too, and would if I had a little more energy.

But you both know without my telling you how often you are in my thoughts, and how memory turns to you at times like this Christmas season; and I dare to think too that I am not forgotten, but that your remembrance often travels out all these weary miles, undiminished by the distance.

And so let us exchange again Christmas greetings, and renew in words what can never surely fade from our thoughts, our old time interest and affection for each other.

Your affectionate cousin,

HENRY ELIOT GUILD.

TO HIS FAMILY.

December 26, 1887.

DEAR MAMMA,—I did have a delightful Christmas yesterday, and to-day feel not at all tired, but even better than I have done before. I think the little excitement of Christmas has been a good thing for me. Saturday night Bessie came here for just a little while after dinner, and we undid our presents; and it was a delight, I assure you, to see one beautiful thing after another unfolded.

I am very glad, dear Mamma, to have "Helps by the Way." You know I have enjoyed using the "Daily Strength for Daily Needs," and I know I shall like this. Mr. Brooks's introduction alone is well worth while, and very interesting. You see I am beginning already on one of our new blocks, which are just the thing.

To this epicure the candy and eatables you sent were specially acceptable. The ginger, I think, is almost the most delicious thing I ever ate.

Eleanor enjoyed the tree at the Prices' Saturday evening very much, and got back long before Varian had finished my rubbing. Love to all. H.

January 2, 1888.

MY DEAR KATHARINE, . . . The Christmas letters from the family have been most interesting and satisfactory. Eleanor and I feel that we have been fairly loaded with presents, — and the only trouble now is to thank for them. But E. is accomplishing her share gradually, and I suppose I shall get to mine in time.

To-day is like yesterday, rather windy and chilly, though not actually cold, and I have not got out at all, — yesterday only for fifteen minutes. Varian came again at night for massage. I enclose his circular, which may interest you.

Eleanor is out riding now with Miss Noyes. She had a letter this morning from you and Mamma, which she was very glad to get, — me too!

E. has just come in and says she has had a delightful ride, — most delightful!

Your affectionate brother,

HARRY.

January 15, 1888.

DEAR PAPA, — Here are our accounts for December. . . . To-day is milder here, with bright sun, and we hope that by to-morrow travel will be comfortable again. I stand this extreme weather wonderfully well, with no increase of cough and no new pains or discomforts.

It is a great delight to look forward to Mamma's coming, and I hope you will not miss her too much.

With much love for you and K.

Affectionately,

HARRY.

TO L. E. OPDYCKE.

COLORADO SPRINGS, Jan. 20, 1888.

DEAR OP, — Your letter of the 14th came a day or two ago, and I am delighted to think that we shall see you so soon. I shall expect you here

about the 1st of February, and if you telegraph will see that you get a good room at the Antlers, — about which there will be no difficulty.

My mother reached us on Wednesday, after a comfortable journey, not having felt the cold on the cars severely. She seems now wonderfully well, and it is an immense satisfaction to have her here, as you can well imagine. The only trouble is I can't do half the talking (no, not a hundredth part of it) that I want to do. I hope my throat will have braced up a little before you come. For the last month we have had pretty severe weather with sharp changes, and now we deserve something better.

But anyway it will be delightful to see you, O. C., whenever you can come. Only do try to stay longer than a week.

Yours,

H. E. G.

February 8, 1888.

DEAR OP, . . . You could see when you were here without the need of words to tell you how much I enjoyed having you here, and how keenly I appreciated all you did for me, — the long journey and all your devotion. But with ΔIK and H. T. it is different, and I want them not to fail to understand how warmly I always think of them. You will make them believe this from the general tenor of our talk, even if I did not send them any formal messages. Yesterday, I had a short, bright letter from ΔIK , for which I wish you would thank him, as I shall not try to write much for some time. If he cares for

one of my photographs, I shall be most glad to send him one. I want H. T. to feel that I am very much interested by all you told me about Miss Dickey, and by all his prospects of happiness in the future.

There is another book I wish you would add to the list I gave you. . . . I have been about the same, — coughing a little more, especially at night. Yesterday I got on to the piazza for nearly an hour, but to-day is very windy.

H.

Harry much enjoyed the visit from Mr. Opdycke, referred to in the last letters. The renewal of their intimacy could not fail to be a delight, and he appreciated the devotion which made it possible. He was loyal in friendship, and frequent correspondence had kept alive a warm interest during long separation.

In the early days in Colorado Harry greatly missed the companionship of his friends, especially the constant interchange of thought with minds trained like his own. Gradually reading and social pleasures took the place to a degree, but never fully. He had much satisfaction later in new friendships with men who, like himself, had met with disappointment in their first life-work, and who tried to make the best use of present opportunities.

It was Harry's habit to write to his family about twice a week, always choosing his best days and hours, so that his letters should give a cheerful picture of his life. In reference to the home which he

loved so well, he was once asked if the country life had been too lonely for his mother. It had not occurred to him, and he repeated the question to her, adding, "Whatever it was for you, it was an ideal life for your boys."

Harry's letters hardly show the variety and extent of his reading, which was always a great resource. His selections were made with the idea of continuing his study of history and English literature, and he had a keen interest in the politics of his own country and of Europe.

After his illness in 1886, he asked his mother to read with him a book on theology, which he had seen on a friend's table, in order that it might lead to a comparison of their ideas. He studied the subject in his usual thoughtful way, and was more concerned in the points of resemblance among all Christians, and in the fundamental realities of religion, than in any sectarian view of it. He always liked the simple service of the Unitarian Church, and the English Prayer Book also contained much that was dear to him.

Harry's increasing feebleness became more evident during the month of February, 1888. He took half an hour's drive with his sister on February 18th. After that week, the exertion of going even to the piazza was too great for him. He still read the daily paper, his letters, the Nation, or some new book, in the morning, propped with pillows in bed. The afternoon was passed in the parlor, as long as his strength allowed.

He liked a cheerful atmosphere about him always. His own cheerfulness was a natural characteristic, maintained by habit and principle. More and more he felt the need of it in such a place as Colorado Springs, and he deprecated dwelling upon the dark side of trials. In his case freedom from acute suffering helped him to retain his serenity: he would treat lightly what appeared to be serious discomfort, saying "Oh, I am used to that, you know!" To the end he was perfectly tranquil and natural, ready to receive his brother with a smile of welcome when he came from the ranch, to respond to a touch of humor from Dr. Reed, or to express his thanks for some new attention or service.

Harry was deeply grateful for the devotion that surrounded him, for the kindness of friends who supplied him with flowers and with many delicacies to tempt his appetite, and more than all for the opportunity which confirmed illness brought of more frequent intercourse with Miss Bessie Price. It was understood by their friends, that their long and intimate friendship would have resulted in an engagement, except for the disappointment of continued ill health. When growing weakness prevented Harry from going to see Miss Price, she brought flowers to him in which he delighted, or some delicacy made by her own hands, and the habit was formed of a regular afternoon visit which was his greatest happiness. However feeble he might be in the morning, he never failed to brighten under her influence.

February 27th, Harry said, "I wonder what makes

me so weak." The veil over his perceptions, so common in similar conditions, was a surprise in Harry's case, because he had always been clear-sighted and comprehensive about himself. It did not last long. On March 7th he asked his mother if she thought he would not get better, and he added, that from Dr. Reed's manner he judged he did not expect him to recover. Almost immediately turning his mind to practical matters, he talked about his books and papers, his brother's ranch, the return home of his mother and sister, and of his wish that Miss Price should have all of his books and possessions that could be useful to her. All this was said with calmness, even cheerfulness, as if he were preparing for a long expected journey. He referred to two books which he had been reading, "Beyond the Gates," and "Gates Between"; and when his mother said that the latter affected her like a nightmare, he replied that he agreed with the main idea of the book. If we were self-centred and full of worldly ambition here, we could not expect to wake to a new life with different natures, but we must in some way work out of our faults before we should be fit for the next world; and he thought that Miss Phelps had drawn the lesson with a strong hand.

The next day he spoke with emotion of parting from those he loved, but he felt that invalid life was not to be desired. After a few moments he added, "I shall not talk in this way again; it is no use; it is best as it is. God knows best." That resolve he literally fulfilled. From that hour his strongest de-

sire seemed to be that those he loved should be as willing to part from him as he was willing to go. It was not mere submission, but a glad obedience to the call of his Heavenly Father. He rejoiced in hope. Immortality meant to him a continuation of conscious life in some form unknown to us here, because of our earthly limitations.

He called his mother one day to come very near, as he had much to tell her about a conversation with Miss Price upon Prayer. She had thought with great clearness upon the subject, and a comparison of their ideas had been stimulating and comforting to them. "She goes to her Heavenly Father with all her wishes, and asks for what she desires, and is prepared to bear the result if her prayers are not granted; and this ardent wishing for special things does not make her rebellious, she says; while with me all prayer has resolved itself into the one prayer, 'Thy will, not mine, be done.'"

March 15th, Harry spoke of the progress of his illness as "slow," and said, "It would be one thing if it were for me alone, but this is a strain on us all, and a hard pull for them at home too."

March 19th, he said, "I did not think I should be so conscious of every step of the way." On the same day, hearing that the strike on the Atchison Railroad was over, he immediately said to his sister, "Then *that* is your best way to go home." Never did his mind seem clearer or his affections more tender. To Miss Price he said, "You must get all the comfort you can from the thought of my happi-

ness." In his weakness, he imparted the strength of his faith and hope, and the sustaining power of his great love, to her whose answering love and devotion were the joy of his heart.

Harry recognized the approach of his last hour, and said, "I wish I could make you all feel it as easy as it is to me"; and in answer to a question an hour later, he said, "Yes, perfectly comfortable and happy." With loving words he bade the last "Good-by!" March 21, 1888.

"To pass through life beloved as few are loved,
To prove the joys of earth as few have proved,
And still to keep thy soul's white robe unstained,
Such is the victory which thou hast gained.

"In the far North, where over frosts and gloom
The midnight skies with rosy brightness bloom,
There comes in all the year one day complete,
Wherein the sunset and the sunrise meet.

"So, in the region of thy fearless faith,
No hour of darkness marked the approach of death;
But ere the morning splendor was withdrawn,
Fair flushed the light along the hills of dawn."

LETTERS FROM FRIENDS.

L. E. Opdycke to Mrs. Charles E. Guild.

NEW YORK, Christmas Day, 1889.

MY DEAR MRS. GUILD, — Last summer I read over all my old college letters, in the hope to find some details about Harry that might be of general interest. While these letters recalled delightfully many half-forgotten incidents, and gave me a clearer appreciation of the friendship that grew up between us than I had while we were together at Cambridge, I think they contain few facts that would give any new light on Harry's character. For a knowledge of his inner self the autobiographic material that you have happily preserved furnishes the surest source. Still, you may care to have me try to tell how he seemed to his college friends.

My earliest remembrance of Harry dates back to the first months of our Freshman year. Under encouragement from the old soldier who then had charge of the Gymnasium, a score or more of our Class formed themselves into a rifle corps, and were drilled by him two nights in the week. After the "General," as we called him, had led us through the

simpler mazes of the manual, it was decided to elect officers to conduct our future training; and in order that we might choose judiciously, those of our number that were understood to have had some military experience at school were invited by turns to direct our evening drill. Harry was among these, and, although his name was barely known to me, I well remember what a fine young captain he made. In figure, voice, and feature, as well as in years, he was rather younger than the others; but the firm clearness of his orders, his soldierly erectness, and the courtesy of his bearing easily lifted him above his rivals. The glow of the boyish face, the sparkling eyes and bright smile, are all distinct before me, and form a picture of happy youth and strength sure to charm any who could see it as I do now.

Although we often met in our college work and in the societies to which we belonged, our real acquaintance did not begin until the close of our third year. One of the "electives" that had especially interested him was a course of drawing lessons and lectures on design given by Mr. Charles Herbert Moore. Learning that I had this course in mind for the Senior year, Harry took me up to his rooms in "Hollis" one day to show me his drawings, and to explain the work he had been doing. It was a delightful hour that I spent with him that summer afternoon, — delightful not only in enjoyment of our common interest in the subject that had brought us together, but to me even more delightful in that it revealed a beautiful nature and gave me a lasting friendship.

The growth of Harry's character during the years that followed was not one of sudden transition, but so steady and natural in its progress that one could hardly discern its successive stages. The death of his dearly loved brother hastened the change from boy to man, and a little later began his close companionship with Gilbert, which continued unbroken until the latter's death in 1885. Too often the relation between college room-mates is chiefly a matter of mere convenience, but in their case it meant infinitely more. While they differed in disposition, in taste, and even in opinion, they were always united by warm mutual love, and by the deep accord as to bases of thought and action that is essential to perfect friendship. Gilbert's gay spirits and enthusiasm, his quick flashes of insight, his keen intuitions and varied knowledge of the world, on the one hand, and Harry's calmer observation, lucid reasoning, and conservative judgment, his gentle fancy and placid cheerfulness, on the other, gave a contrast and balance of qualities that proved the source of constant pleasure and fruitful gain to both.

The love and trust that Harry aroused were never lost, for they were a direct response to the sincerity and sweetness of his nature. One of his prominent traits, his true amiability, arose in part from happy natural endowment, but it was the result also of willing effort on his part. He always treated those about him with considerate kindness, not simply because it was easy for him to do so, but often from a perception of the duty that he owed to others and

to himself. One could not but feel the quiet reasonableness of what he said and did, and often as we differed from him, we sought and respected his opinions, because we found that they were sure to rest on sound principle and right reason.

Both in College and in the Law School his work was faithfully and successfully done, but he rightly felt that such work is not sufficient in itself to accomplish the larger aims of education; and while his fine parts and industry won him a high rank among his fellows, he entered with zest into those intellectual and social enjoyments for which the circumstances of his life gave rich opportunity. The delights of healthy physical existence too were dear to him, and he took part joyously in the outdoor activity of college youth; but however fully the interest of the moment seemed to occupy his mind, he never lost sight of the high purposes at which he aimed, and to which it was permitted him in such full measure to attain.

Our loss is still so fresh that it is not easy to speak of Harry's relations with us, his friends. He had in a singular degree the delicate faculty of entering into the thoughts and experience of others, and thus the help and sympathy he gave us seemed to come from our own better genius. I think no friend ever loved more generously, or was loved more tenderly in return.

Always sincerely yours,

LEONARD ECKSTEIN OPDYCKE.

*George O. Shattuck, Esq. to Hon. Lyman K. Bass,
of Colorado Springs.*

BOSTON, Feb. 25, 1886.

. . . I LEARN that my friend, Mr. Henry Eliot Guild, has had the good fortune to make your acquaintance at Colorado Springs. As I also learn that he now intends to begin the practice of the law in Colorado, I desire to say a few words with reference to his qualifications.

He became a student in my office after he left the Harvard Law School. I soon found that he was a well read lawyer, competent to make a thorough examination of any question of law and to master the details of the most complicated case, and that he had a rare power of stating his proposition in clear and strong language. He also had what you must have discerned, tact, good sense, and pleasant manners, combined with a character and bearing which inspired confidence. With these attainments and qualities, I was confident that he would meet with early and great success had he remained at the Boston Bar. With his untiring industry, I am sure that he will prove himself equal to any position he may find in Colorado. . . .

Dr. Samuel A. Fisk, of Denver, to Mrs. Charles E. Guild.

March 25, 1888.

... HARRY'S death is a personal loss to me. I do not need to tell you how I enjoyed being with him, — of the pleasure I took in the clearness of his intellect, in the fairness of his judgment, in the openness of his mind, that thought no evil. He was wonderfully pure, and was full of charitable judgment. He was so filled with good thoughts that there was no room for any others. His sympathies were ready, and his feelings tender.

His presence possessed a rare charm for me. I liked to be with him and to have him with me; and now that this is not to be any more, I shall feel the void. The friends he made during his stay of a few months in Denver feel his loss deeply, and one and all give expression to a sense of personal sorrow.

I know, Mrs. Guild, how deep must be your sorrow, not only at the loss of a very dear son, but also from the feeling of disappointment that a life so full of promise should have been taken so early.

And yet he has left his impress upon us. He has shown us all what it is to bear "without abuse the grand old name of gentleman." He has given an illustration that manly strength and refinement of feeling are not dissonant. He has shown that it is possible to be in the world, and yet not of the world.

And, at the last, he gave an example of what it is to meet death calmly and peacefully. Such a life has its influence, whether it be longer or whether it be shorter, and happy is the man of whom it can be said that he lived well. . . .

VERSES.

TO ELEANOR.

WHEN by your side I sit, my sister dear,
And your quick fingers wander o'er the keys
And summon forth the sweetest melodies,
I think I never feel to you more near;
The music makes all discords disappear.
So great the power of noblest music is,
It seems to join our lives in harmonies
Which come from heaven to bind us closer here.
Then, too, our thoughts return to that past time
When this same sweet familiar melody
Was heard by him who then was in his prime,
Whose presence with us still seems lingering nigh,
Teaching our souls the way that they must climb,
And giving us another closer tie.

December, 1882.

A VALENTINE.

I.

AH! tell me, fairest maid, didst ever hear
The story of the gallant prince of yore,
Who came to seek and win a lovely bride
Where opes a castle tall its portals wide?
He reached at last a stately corridor
With many doors, on which, in accents clear,
Was writ this legend rare:
“Be bold!” “Be bold!” “Be bold!”
But on the last, most fair
Of all the doors, stood there,
In characters of gold,
“Be not too bold!”

II.

Ah! tell me, fairest maid, dost thou not see
The meaning of the fable I have sung, —
Its bearing on the life we live to-day?
When under your displeasure I give way,

I need to hear in constant changes rung,
"Be bold!" "Be bold!" to bring back strength to me.
But when your favor rare
Enchants this heart of mine
And tempts illusions fair,
"Be not too bold!" is there
To check from wild design
Your Valentine.

TO ALTHÆA,

SWEETLY PLAYING THE GUITAR.

SO straight she sits, so calm and fair,
With her guitar across her knee,
Almost I think that I see there
Some goddess old of minstrelsy, —

So statuesque her pose, yet free,
Her hand now sweeping o'er the chords,
Now pausing slow and tenderly, —
A song without the need of words.

She looks so pure, so fair, so calm,
And so unconscious of her power,
Fain would I, yielding to her charm,
With rapture listen hour by hour.

SONNET.

A SUMMER'S night with hot oppressive breaths
of sultry air ;
And through the murky shade the many lights
That line the streets attract close-circling flights
Of insects by their bright alluring glare.
One from the myriads, with ambition fair,
Sees far above a star, and leaves the vain delights
Of earth's base lamps to win the eternal night's
Clear fire, and dies still striving with despair.
So with our human efforts ; at our best
We sometimes break the net of earthly snares,
And catch a glimpse of some more glorious life ;
Too oft we fail, and blindly lose all zest,
Dulled by anxieties and daily cares, —
Or else we die, o'ercome by weary strife.

QUATRAINS.

IF I am gay while you are sad,
My gayety soon dies away;
But when I sorrow, if you 're glad,
Your gladness turns my gloom to day.

AT your mistakes, you say, I laugh;
As though aught I might do could move you!
But one must watch if well he'd chaff;
I should not watch did I not love you.

TO CHLORIS,

SWEETLY PLAYING THE VIOLIN.

WHEN you do draw your bow across the strings,
You waken notes that thrill with wondrous life :
Now strains of passion, now of joy or strife, —
And then sweet pity in your playing sings ;
In such a guise its pleading music brings
To all our hearts a thirst for what is best,
That almost we forget at whose behest
Our wakened spirit with this yearning rings.
Yet in a moment, when we turn again
Where you do stand, and watch your earnest face
And pliant form, — itself a poem rare, —
We see that they interpret the refrain,
And feel a subtler beauty that doth grace
The music's theme with such a setting fair.

SONG.

IN music sometimes comes a strain
That seems through all its beauty rare
To strive, yet ever strive in vain,
For some strange theme beyond compare, —

For some strange theme beyond compare,
And full of wondrous mystery
That's never reached in equal share
By chords of earthly minstrelsy.

These wistful strains that still pursue
The subtle theme they ne'er attain
Awake in me an echo true,
A craving I can scarce retain.

I feel a yearning that doth rise
Beyond mere notes or words' expression,
That sings of love's sweet sacrifice,
And fain would offer love's confession.

Ah! must I think, while thus I long
To fathom love and tell its story,
That like the music's fleeting song
It gives but glimpses of its glory?

Must I believe that like a dream
It comes, as soon to fade away?
Ah no! Ideals do but seem
To vanish; they return some day.

A time will come, I fondly cry,
When this sweet baffling mystery
Will yield its secret, so that I
Shall find deep passion's ecstasy.

To find deep passion's ecstasy,
The inspiration of my song,
Love worthy of all constancy, —
For that I'll wait with patience long.

SONNET.

UPON the city's stateliest street I stood
And gazed into the glowing Western sky,
Aflame with colors, — a rich panoply
That closely sunset's flying feet pursued.
And then I turned and found a paler-hued
Yet lovely afterglow, that tenderly
Above the city's peaceful homes hard by
Reluctant hung, lingering as best it could.
What though the sunset's brilliant coloring
Portends the glory of our boundless West,
Triumphant in its vivid life and might?
For Boston still are left the hopes that spring
From all the peace, the glory, and the rest
That linger in the tender afterlight.

BLANK VERSE!

AH! my lady, you 're not perfect,
But you come so very near it, —
With blue eyes and hair so golden
And your figure tall and slender, —
That I hardly wish you different.

Sometimes I might wish you wiser,
Sometimes wish you less a woman,
Less of flirting, more of logic,
So that we might stand together
On a level when we argue.

But one must not ask for all things
Joined together in one woman,
Must not hope or care to treat her
As a man, with whom to argue
And to reason all the day.

No, my lady, I 'll not wish you
Aught but what you are and will be, —
With your eyes, your hair so golden,
With your sweet and simple virtues,
And your sympathy so rare.

A PORTRAIT.

FAIR, golden hair she has,
A dark tress closely laid against a bright,
And softly waving, glancing in the light;
The whole a joy to see, although
She will not let you tell her so.

Blue, tender eyes she has,
That now with dews of sympathy are wet,
Now dancing smile, now plead with wistful glow.
They stir your inmost soul, and yet
She will not let you tell her so.

A slight, brown hand she has,
With fingers slender, wrist the shapeliest, —
A hand that like her mind is ne'er at rest.
Believe me this is true, although
She will not let you tell her so.

FALMOUTH.

THE ships are sailing down the Sound
Out to the West with its tender glow.
They sail, I said, but now 't is calm,
Scarcely the wind doth blow.

'T is calm, and idly hang their sails
Out in the distance far away, —
Their sails so fair, on which the light
Glances and falls in play.

And yet it may be on those vessels,
So beautiful there in the West,
Impatient mortals long for the end
Of the calm and its rest.

They long perchance for the very change
To spoil the beauty that we see, —
To mar the picture that their ships
Make all unconsciously.

BETHLEHEM.

O tree! that stands unbending to the wind,
Unyielding though the tempests round thee
 roar,

Stripped of thy branches, rugged, gray, and hoar,
And shivered by the lightning's fury blind,
Now thou at last may consolation find,
Although the storm should rage forevermore;
Still mayst thou stand, as now and heretofore,
Unshaken, firm, though beauty be resigned.
So may we learn from thy mute eloquence, —
When we have lost what youth and vigor give,
When joys are past and withered age has come, —
So may we learn thy lesson's deepest sense
Of steadfast constancy; so may we live
Patient and calm, like thee, our teacher dumb!

AT FIRST SIGHT.

EYES so tender, dark, and true
Thrilling all my being through,
Scarcely could I dare believe
You are eyes to make one grieve,
Gazing from your depths of blue.

Voice so gentle, ringing too,
Hair so soft of dusky hue,
Fitly match, as I conceive,
Eyes so tender.

Must I think such praise undue, —
Praise of charms so fair to view?
While this witching web they weave,
Does mere outer show deceive?
No! till death I'll trust to you,
Eyes so tender!

BALLADE.

TO F. G.

I 'VE sent you greetings that belong
To Christmas in the years gone by,
And tried to tell in feeble song
(That could speak only to the eye)
What needs the tongue's warm urgency;
Yet still this meaning, plain to view,
I've hoped you'd gather easily, —
“ May all best wishes come to you ! ”

And now again the tokens throng
That mark the season's gayety.
Upon the thousand leagues so long
That stretch between us wearily
I think, alas ! with many a sigh.
And yet too much I will not rue ;
At least this hope I'll versify, —
“ May all best wishes come to you ! ”

For why should distance do worse wrong
Than sever appropinquity?

It cannot snap the ties so strong
That come from lasting sympathy.
So o'er the hills and plains I'll cry
My message, — to the season due,
But wished each day as heartily, —
“ May all best wishes come to you ! ”

ENVOY.

Howe'er to change the form I try
Of these my Christmas greetings true,
You see they but repeat for aye,
“ May all best wishes come to you ! ”

WISHES.

WISHES throng like flakes of snow
Drifting all the self-same way,
Bearing with them, as they go,
Thanks they know not how to say.

Dumb are they from lack of words
Fitly to express my thought.
May they carry now, like birds,
Through the air "the voice" they've sought!

May they tell you how the flowers,
With the wishes, from your hand
Brought contented, happy hours
In this distant Western land!

Let my wishes still endure,
Let them fall upon your ear
Softly, like the snow-flakes pure,
Wishing you a glad New Year.

AFTERGLOW.

THE sun has set behind the mountain wall,
Yet still its splendor fills the sky with light, —
With soft, clear colors that illumine all
The rugged cliffs and make their summits bright.

So when on earth a noble life goes out,
It leaves behind a radiant atmosphere
That brightens all the neighbor souls about
Till they reflect the spirit's glory clear.

BOSTON.

O GLORIOUS city of New England's shore,
Seated, like Rome, upon thy hills of sand,
Like Venice built upon a sea-girt land
Redeemed from wastes where waters ran of yore!
Proud are thy sons of thine abounding store
Of treasures, — men and memories grand;
And more than all — so may it ever stand! —
Of thy fair fame, unsullied evermore.
But oh! when absent from thee and the main,
How doth the heart yearn for the buoyant tide
Of hope and joy that life in thee can give!
Ah! when I think that ne'er perchance again
Shall I see all thy splendor in its pride,
Almost I feel reluctant still to live!

RONDEAU.

FAIN would I praise thee wisely,
And call the muse to help me
Celebrate in sweetest song
All the virtues that belong
To thy personality.

Eyes that flash so merrily,
Mouth that smiles so tenderly,
Speaking never words of wrong,
Fain would I praise.

Other beauties still I see, —
Golden hair and dimples wee,
Dainty hand that holds us strong, —
But to name them takes too long;
'Tis the fullest sum of thee
Fain would I praise!

EGOTISM.

WHEN in this busy world I think of all
That makes my life,—the selfish hopes that lie
Beneath the deeds, the work I magnify,
And sacrifices to ambitions small, —
Nay, when I look abroad and wistful call
Upon the world, but get the same reply,
Resounding with its ever present “I,”
While each man seeks to rise where others fall,
Almost I cry aloud from sheer despair.
What help can lift us, free from self’s control,
Above this petty and ignoble strife?
Oh for some voice with inspiration rare
To wake the blind, infatuated soul
To glorious action in unselfish life!

A FAREWELL.

TO MISS M. A. W.

THE shower has passed away, and all the plain
Is bathed in sunlight, beautiful and bright
Against the purple mass of cloud and rain
That makes a background sombre as the night.

And so let us enjoy while still we may
The sunshine that you bring to every place;
Too well we know what clouds will dull the day
That's darkened by the absence of your face.

TO MISS F. D. M.

AH! while I listened to you yesterday, —
Your dainty fingers wandering o'er the keys
And calling forth most tender melodies, —
While love's soft accents echoed through the lay,
There came the harsh sounds of a noisy fray
That drowned at first the music's harmonies,
Till they triumphant rose with joyful ease,
And rang out, sweet and pure, to live away.
So in our lives, when angry discord jars
And crashes on the music we should hear,
With clangor silencing each softer strain,
May we still read aright the stifled bars
Until the theme, once more arising clear,
Shall fill our souls with peace and love again!

THE COLORADO LILY.

DAINTY lily,
Magically
Springing from the plain,
With thy slender,
Frail, and tender
Petals fresh with rain, —

Lonely art thou,
Far apart now
From each other flower;
Never knowing
Thou art growing
Only for an hour.

Yet thou bloomest
And assumest
Colors pure and fair, —
White like fresh snow,
Golden yellow, —
Lovely contrast there !

THE COLORADO LILY.

Teach me rightly,
Like thee, brightly
Still to play my part, —
Ne'er complaining,
Ne'er disdainig
Life's most humble art.

Teach me only
When I'm lonely,
Far from home and friends,
Still to borrow
Peace from sorrow,
Till all trouble ends; —

Still to treasure —
Dearest pleasure
That thou canst not know —
Recollection
That affection
Lasts, though friends may go.

LINES TO MISS P—.

YOU played for me the old, sweet songs,
And as you touched the tuneful keys
There seemed to echo through the years
Sweet tones and tender memories.

Forgotten voices sang again,
Familiar words came speedily
That once had wakened love or hope,
Or rung with careless gayety.

All at your bidding waked again ;
Again rose joy and hope and love,
And with them too a subtle grief
That art like yours must ever move.

Whether your playing brought to me
More pleasure than this vague, sweet pain
I cannot tell, but know full well
I long to hear you play again.

TO MISS B——.

A PANSY blooms in gardens far away
With hues divine;
It is not plucked, and yet I dare to say,
'T is mine, 't is mine.

For it was plucked in thought and to me given
With hope to please;
Its blue, unseen, yet brings the light of heaven, —
A true heart's-ease.

S. C. G.

A GAINST the western sky, whose rosy light
Is paling slow, the mountain wall defines
Its purple mass in grand, eternal lines,
While clouds above unfurl their banners bright.
Alas that all the splendor of the sight
Must fade before the dull eye half divines
Its beauty rare, and that these glowing signs
Must vanish in the darkness of the night!
Alas that often with our fellow men
A life whose wealth we but begin to know
Must fade and vanish to our human ken!
Yet must we feel the thrill its glory gives,
And still retain, as from the sunset's glow,
A sense of higher joy that ever lives.

LOVE'S MESSENGER.

O SWEET, wild rose
By wooded brook that grows
And scents the summer air

With perfume rare !

So perfect art thou there
That loath am I to ask
Thy parent stem to spare
Even thy single flower ;
Yet to a nobler task
Than there can ever be
Within thy lonely bower

I summon thee.

Here thou couldst not know
Honors such as thou shalt wear,
When, my envoy, thou shalt go
Unto one more sweet and fair
Than thyself, I trow.

Lend her cheek thy tender flush,
Modest as true maiden's blush,

While to her thou speakest low
Words I long to have her know, —
Words I dare to send by thee,
Pure in thy simplicity.
Tell her softly that I love her,
Love her now and evermore!
Breathe it to her o'er and o'er,
Till to pity thou shalt move her, —
While the echoes are repeating
What my heart keeps wildly beating,
That I love her, love her, love her!

RONDEAU.

GAY nasturtium, brought to me
With sweet generosity
By my lady pure and fair,
Teach me with thy dainty air
How to thank her gratefully!

As the summer's day doth flee
Thou must fade, — alas for thee!
Shall I then thy dead leaves wear,
Gay nasturtium?

No! Sad things shall never be
Tokens of her charity.
In my heart thine image rare
Shall remain and ever there
Live, e'en though unconsciously,
Gay nasturtium!

SERENADE.

THE moonbeams softly shine,
Fair maid, your window through ;
So let my love steal on
Until it touches you.
Awake ! and let my love
Stream in with radiance true !

Far truer than the moon,
And bright and pure as she,
My love shall shed its light
On you unceasingly !
Awake ! and let my love
Forever welcome be !

SONNET.

I WOKE this morning, and the skies were gray,
The hurrying snow was drifting through the air,
When through the clouds there dawned a vision fair
That to my wondering eyes made out its way:
Remote, transfigured by the sun's soft ray,
And like a dream, the mighty mountain there
Upreared its snowy form, and not a care
For aught on earth upon its head could weigh.
So may we learn to stand serene, alone,
Above the world, unconscious of the strife
That presses round us like a misty sea;
And then we may, though to ourselves unknown,
Attain the beauty that a sun-lit life
Can give to man, as to the mountain free.

“MERRY CHRISTMAS!”

TO F. G.

I SEND you Christmas wishes that convey
For every season greetings of good cheer;
I do not need to send them day by day,
For you must know you have them all the year.

MY MUSE.

SHE does not limp, perhaps, nor does she fly,
But flits in fitful, artificial way,
Like a balloon that tries to mount the sky,
When puffed with gas-blown follies of the day.

VALENTINE.

WHO can give the roses voice
True as that their perfume bears, —
Odors pure that must rejoice
Thee, whose sweetness rivals theirs?

Hear then what they try to say, —
Faint interpretation mine, —
Each rose praying, as I pray,
“Let me be thy Valentine!”

FOR A BIRTHDAY.

TIS fairy-land !
Hark ! hark ! what magic singing !
How swell the strains
From hidden choirs ringing,
Deep joy and peace
To happy listeners bringing !

Hark ! hark again !
The fairies' music, stealing
From lips unseen,
Bursts forth a joyous pealing,
For you alway
Best wishes clear revealing !

QUATRAIN.

SWEET are the roses: sweeter should they be
To pay deserved honor unto thee.
Take pity on them: grant them only this, —
From thee to learn what perfect sweetness is.

PENSÉES.

MY thoughts the pansies bring,
True as their own rich hues;
Yet say not anything
But messages you choose.

SONG.

DARK and wintry is the weather,
But what care I?
For my love and I together
Every storm defy.

Let it rage however madly, —
Let it snow and hail!
In our hearts more warmly, gladly,
Shall true love prevail.

And the dullest day shall brighten
Lives that are at one;
Clouds of gloom shall lift and lighten;
Love shall be our sun!

QUATRAINS.

AH! prithee take these flowers, and these,
And with them do whate'er you please.
If it should please you to have worn them,
With beauty new you would adorn them!

THE roses bring to you their perfume sweet:
With reverent love I lay them at your feet.
They breathe my truest wishes in their scent,
For peace and happiness and calm content.

GOOD-BYE !

MAY God be with you ! Thus we pray
Whene'er we say Good-bye.
May God be with you ! Day by day
The prayer is mine for aye.

With such a wish to part from you
Robs half the parting's pain,
And gives us hope and comfort true
Until we meet again.

Yet though each day the wish is there,
The trusting faith for aye, —
May God be with you ! is our prayer
Most when we bid Good-bye !

AFTER ABSENCE.

HOW shall I meet thee,
My beloved,
Parting and absence o'er? —
Tenderly greet me,
My beloved,
Hearts cannot struggle more!

Joy must come slowly,
My beloved,
Now that we meet again;
Joy must be lowly,
My beloved,
Lest we but waken pain!

Love shall surrender,
My beloved,
Passionate hope, as of yore,
Yet true and tender,
My beloved,
Shall serve thee evermore!

SUNSET.

THE sky is soft with the twilight gay,
The clouds are flushed with a rosy light,
The moon is young and the whole world bright, —
And only my heart says nay, says nay.

Ah! soon is the course of beauty run;
For lo! with the breath of the parting day
Its glory dies! O heart, say nay!
'T will wake with the kiss of the morrow's sun!

LAMENT.

O WEARY life! O weary life! I cry,
And from far heights the echoes make reply,
O weary, weary life!

Where is true love, O where? Hark how the air
Repeats the idle question, Where, O where?
Till silence stills the strife.

Then welcome death! And lo! with softest breath
Returns the answer, faint yet clear, Come death! —
Farewell, O weary life!

THE CLOUD.

OVER the mountain top rises the cloud
With hurrying flight,
And climbs and climbs to the utmost height
Of heaven's great arch, with bearing proud.
And then, the zenith won, content,
 With head low bowed,
 Ambition spent,
 The lovely cloud
Sails slowly down the sky's steep way,
And, ever coquetting, stops to play,
And stretches out a slender hand
In welcome to all that gladly stand
And press about on every side,
Till the fair cloud blushes a rosy red,
And raises her cheek to the breeze to be fanned,
And her flowing tresses stream far ahead,
Like an angel's glory, bright and wide.

 And again the cloud
Pauses and falters, and seems to wait
 Till the hastening crowd
Shall pass out of sight through the western gate,
Where the sun is setting in fire and glory,
And the breeze is breathing its summer's story

Of peace and hope and love and joy.
And the cloud stoops to hear,
 But doubtful and coy,
 Too restless to stay,
 Yet alert to be near
Not to miss what the west wind may say.

 Like a maiden
Reluctant to own aught control
Of another, in body or soul,
Away floats the cloud, far away,
From this lover that begs her to stay,—
Cloud-lover, full freighted and laden
With splendor and masterful strength,
Surely destined to conquer at length,
Yet to baffle him, puzzle him ever
She makes now her constant endeavor,
 Changing shape into shape,
 Stooping here, rising there,
Breaking outline of form and of hair,
And seeking a wayward escape
In each metamorphosis rare.

In vain her attempts to deceive!
In vain all her efforts to fly!
Successful? Ah, how she would grieve!
Yet still is her instinct to try
To avoid what her fate has in store, —

To repel all she hungereth for, —
Ah, ask me not why!

Long is her flight, and long
The pursuit of her lover so strong,
A hero of courage and might,
Fully armed for the strife!
Ah, how can she hope or how long
 To flee from his sight,
To banish him now from her life!

As the twilight must follow the day;
As the stars tread their tireless way,
Giving light by the law of their being;
As all things, whether wise or unseeing,
 Fulfil their own purpose and end; —
So the maiden must yield unto love
When the lover shall come who can prove
 His right to be more than a friend,
When her will to his own will must bend.

So the lover has won, — the cloud-lover
 Has won her, his fugitive bride,
And the darkness comes quickly to cover
 Her blushes, her joyous delight,
That she still in her shyness would hide
Till her veins with a new passion tingle,
 Every thought of regret put to flight
As their spirits in one being mingle.

PRELUDE.

O LOVE, dear love !
I hear the echoes dying
Of sad, sweet notes
To sweet, sad notes replying, —
Pathetic strains
From music's depths slow welling,
And on and on
In solemn tones
In mournful measures swelling.

O grief unsung !
O voiceless thoughts of sorrow !
Distraught to-day,
Rebellious still to-morrow, —
Thus on and on
One theme repeats its wailing,
Now soft, now loud,
In light and dark
O'er all glad tones prevailing.

But hark again !
From out the varied weaving
Of music's chords
This single note of grieving,
Heard o'er and o'er,
Exalts its simple duty,
And, conquering
Its piteousness,
Reveals unthought-of beauty.

O dearest love !
So pain must pass from passion !
So grief must change, —
Must banish in like fashion
Regretful strains,
All bitterness repressing ! —
So we must strive
For tranquil peace,
Till sorrow turns to blessing !

SONNET.

O TEACH me how to love thee worthily,
With love like thine, unselfish, trustful, true,—
Forever free from Envy and his crew
Of petty fears, and doubt and jealousy.
O, teach me by thine own sweet charity,
For thy dear sake, to lift my life to new
And higher service, to a broader view
Of duties, ever borne more cheerfully.
So shall the precious blessing of thy love
Extend its benison to all who come
Within the circle of our lives to-day.
And so at last, although therein we move
Unconsciously, for us the mighty sum
Of mutual love is magnified alway.

MERRY CHRISTMAS!

A GAIN comes Christmas, — always, love, for you
The happiest anniversary of the year.
Ah! you will grant this little I can do
Its fullest share to make the season dear.

If I could but fulfil my heart's desire,
Unbroken happiness should light your way,
And with new hope, with purpose ever higher,
It should be Christmas for us every day!

December, 1887.

Charles Eliot Gould.
b. Nov. 1, 1727
Hav. Coll. 1745
m. Nov. 21, 1754.

HENRY ELIOT
GUILD.
b. July 19, 1787.
d. March 21, 1858.
Hav. Coll. 1850

Mary Lyman Eliot.
b. March 10, 1747.

Benjamin Guild,
b. May 9, 1714.
d. March 10, 1788.
Hav. Coll. 1754
m. March 11, 1767.

Elizabeth Quincy,
b. 1757.
d. 1835.

Elna Eliot,
b. March 2, 1790.
d. July 24, 1874.

Samuel Atkins Eliot,
b. March 5, 1778.
d. Jan. 20, 1862.
Hav. Coll. 1852.
m. June 13, 1826.

Catherine Atkins,
b. Oct. 9, 1758
d. Oct. 1849.

Mary Lyman,
b. Oct. 9, 1803
d. Aug. 10, 1875

Lydia Williams,
b. Sept. 28, 1761.
d. April 30, 1820.

Benjamin Guild,
b. April 25, 1740.
d. Oct. 11, 1792.
Hav. Coll. 1769
m. 1754.

Joshua Quincy,
b. 1790.
d. March 1, 1874.
Hav. Coll. 1728
m. 1795.

Elizabeth Waldron,
d. 1759

Samuel Eliot,
b. Sept. 11, 1741.
d. May 9, 1715
m. May 2, 1715.
Elizabeth Marshall,
d. 1714
d. Aug. 20, 1757.

Dudley Atkins,
b. 1714
d. Sept. 24, 1767
Hav. Coll. 1716.
m. May 8, 1739.

Sarah Kent,
d. Oct. 16, 1810

Rev. Isaac Lyman,
b. Feb. 23, 1725.
d. Jan. 20, 1784.
m. April 24, 1750.
Ruth Plummer.

George Williams,
b. Oct. 2, 1721
d. June 12, 1797
m. March 24, 1748.
Lydia Pickering,
b. Feb. 25, 1751-90
d. Oct. 21, 1834

John Guild,
b. Nov. 7, 1690.
d. Jan. 24, 1752.
m. July 14, 1711.
Mercy 1704er,
d. May 3, 1798.

Edmund Quincy,
b. 1657.
d. 1698.

Dorothy Flint,
d. Aug. 29, 1737

John Guild,
b. June 20, 1690.
m. March 23, 1677.
Sarah Fisher.

Edmund Quincy,
b. 1657.
d. 1698.

Elizabeth Gookin,
b. 1611.
d. 1700.

Rev. Josiah Flint,
b. Aug. 24, 1741
d. Sept. 10, 1790
Hav. Coll. 1661.

Richard Waldron,
b. 1650.
d. Nov. 30, 1719.
m. Feb. 9, 1693.

Eleanor Vaughan,
b. 1699.
d. 1727.

Andrew Eliot,
bapt. Jan. 30, 1651.
d. Sept. 13, 1688.

Jon. Herrick,
b. 1666.
d. 1726.

Gov. Jos. Dudley,
b. 1647.
d. May 1, 1720
Hav. Coll. 1665.

Rebecca Tyng,
b. July 13, 1681.
d. Sept. 21, 1742.

Rev. Nath. Gookin,
b. Oct. 21, 1695.
d. Nov. 15, 1702.
Hav. Coll. 1675

Moses Lyman,
b. Feb. 20, 1662
d. Feb. 23, 1701.
m. Ann —

John Pickering,
b. Sept. 16, 1658.
d. Feb. 13, 1727.
m. June 14, 1683.

John Pickering,
b. 1617.
d. May 5, 1694
m. 1657.

John Burrill,
of Lynn,
b. 1631.
d. April 24, 1703

Sarah Burrill,
b. May 6, 1661.
d. Dec. 27, 1747.

Jonah Wingate,
b. Feb. 9, 1680.
d. Feb. 6, 1750
m. Nov. 9, 1720.

Mary Lynt,
b. Jan. 10, 1681.
d. May 27, 1772

John Guild,
b. Glasgow, Scotland.
Cousin of Benjamin
Moses, about 1690.
d. Oct. 2, 1652
m. April 24, 1643.
Elizabeth Crooke,
d. Aug. 11, 1699.

Edmund Quincy,
b. 1604.
Arrived in Boston
Sept. 1, 1613.
d. 1637.

Frederick Gookin,
b. 1604.
d. 1637.

Rev. Henry Flint,
Came to Boston 1658
d. April 27, 1668

Richard Waldron,
b. 1646.
d. 1689.

Mrs. Wm. Vaughan,
b. 1640.
d. 1749.
m. LEE, b. 1668.
Margaret Cull,
b. 1641.
d. Jan. 22, 1693.

Andrew Eliot,
bapt. April 24, 1672.
Resided in Mass. 1690.
d. March 4, 1701-4.

Henry Herrick,
b. 1640.
d. 1702.
m. Lydia —

Gov. Thos. Dudley,
b. 1629.
d. July 10, 1633.
m. April 14, 1641.
Catherine, widow of
Samuel Hackburne,
d. Aug. 20, 1671.

Edward Tyng,
b. Feb. 28, 1681.
d. 1697.

Daniel Gookin,
b. in Kent, England.
d. March 10, 1697.
Arrived in Boston
May 20, 1644.

John Lyman,
b. Sept. 1, 1681.
d. 1600

John Pickering,
b. about 1645.
d. 1657.
m. about 1636.
d. Aug. 30, 1669

William Flint,
b. 1673.
d. 1693.

George Burrill,
of Lynn,
b. 1653.
m. May —
d. 1653.

Thomas Ivory,
of Lynn,
d. 1664.
m. Ann —

Henry Lynt,
d. July 10, 1662.
m. Ann —

Richard Cull,
d. 1693.
A member of Crom-
well's Parliament

William Eliot,
bapt. June 21, 1577.
d. March 20, 1642.

Henry Herrick,
Salem, 1624.

Edith Laskin,
Salem, 1696.

Heary Lyman,
d. April, 1597

Richard Lyman,
bapt. England,
Oct. 30, 1580.
d. 1640.

Came to Boston,
Nov. 21, 1631, with
John Eliot

John Pickering,
b. about 1645.
d. 1657.
m. about 1636.
d. Aug. 30, 1669

William Flint,
b. 1673.
d. 1693.

George Burrill,
of Lynn,
b. 1653.
m. May —
d. 1653.

Thomas Ivory,
of Lynn,
d. 1664.
m. Ann —

Henry Lynt,
d. July 10, 1662.
m. Ann —

353 0



